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LOVE POEMS
~~WIDENING~~
OF THREE CENTURIES

1590-1890

Compiled by
JESSIE F. O'DONNELL
Author of "Heart Lyrics"

"A poet without love is a physical and metaphysical impossibility." - Carlyle

VOL. I.
ENGLISH, SCOTTISH, AND IRISH



NEW YORK AND LONDON
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The Knickerbocker Press

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TO MY BROTHERS

Clarence, Everett, Will, Eugene

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PREFACE.

EVERY true lover is at heart a poet, though he may never put his glowing fancies into words ; and, conversely, the truest poets are essentially lovers.

All nations have sung of love, but no literature is so rich in love-poetry as that of the English.

Spenser, with whom our book opens, has given us a series of exquisitely tender sonnets, and the noblest marriage hymn in literature. Scattered through the works of the minor Elizabethan poets are many beautiful songs, and there are charming bits in the early British dramatists, only a few of which can be reproduced within the limits of this volume.

Shakespeare, master of all high thought and passion, touches his highest level in the delineation of love. He has understood and illustrated it in the old and the young, in the ignorant and the cultured, in the pure and the evil, in man and

in woman ; he knows the heart of her whose "infinite variety" "age cannot wither, nor custom stale," as well as that of the simplest village maiden who smiles her innocent passion into her sweetheart's eyes ; he has scaled all heights, fathomed all depths, probed all mysteries, and gauged the strength and the weakness of that passion which holds in embryo the comedy, the tragedy, the sweetness, the bitterness, the selfishness and the sacrifice, the inspiration and the bane, the sin and the redemption of life, understood by none, conceived by all, and known as human love.

Carew's sweetness and Suckling's rollicking fun are delightful ; Herrick, Lovelace, and Waller are at their best in love-verse, and the other poets of the age follow the prevailing fashion in many pretty fancies, with here and there a touch of true poetic feeling, but, after Shakespeare, we will not find much strong emotion until we reach Burns, whose passionate love-songs burst from his breaking heart with a sob in every line. Love was his life, and the intensity of passion breathes in his poems. Even his lighter love-songs have a ring of genuineness.

Burns' songs are rich, red roses, hiding a rare perfume under each velvety petal, sweetest near the heart o' the flower. You may tear

the blossom apart, leaf by leaf, without discovering the secret of its sweetness. Moore's lyrics are gems, lustrous and beautiful, polished and faceted, catching and reflecting light, yet we often find ourselves admiring the skill of the lapidary rather than the intrinsic worth of the gem.

Byron is the poet of strong and gloomy passion, and his love-strains are embittered by the poet's looking into his own turbulent heart; Shelley's genius was in general too intangible and remote from human sympathy to treat of love successfully; Hood, a poet somewhat neglected of late, wrote some exquisite love-poems; and there are a few delicious trifles in Landor, Hunt, Procter, and other precursors of Tennyson, who is our greatest modern poet of passion, imagination, and opulence of color and sound.

"The love
Of man and woman, when they love their best,
Closest and sweetest,"

finds full expression here.

We have no nobler love poetry than that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In several beautiful narrative poems, she has delineated the heroism to which love can inspire a woman's heart; there are fine passages in "A Drama

of Exile" and "Aurora Leigh," but the passionate strength and purity of her love-verse are best shown in those breathings from her own heart, the "Sonnets from the Portuguese."

Robert Browning has written much of love. There are passages of marvellous truth and beauty in his dramas, though one must dig through discouraging strata of metaphysical subtleties, careless versification, and wilful obscurity, in search of the golden nuggets. "In a Balcony" has power and passion enough for a half-dozen lesser poets; and his short love-lyrics, sung for the most part in the heyday of youth, when

"Love was the only good in the world,"

are inimitable.

Of later poets, I can mention but few: Dinah Mulock Craik, Jean Ingelow, Christina Rossetti, and the younger woman-poets of England, with their many beautiful love-lyrics; "Owen Meredith," justly popular from the grace and melody of his love-verse; the classic and stately William Morris; Swinburne, in his splendid passion poems; Philip Bourke Marston, whose poems are saddened by the shadow of the tragedy that darkened his brief young life; Arthur O'Shaughnessy, whose "sweetest songs were given to love"; Eric Mackay, whose "Love

"Letters of a Violinist" are among the most beautiful productions of modern passionate poets; and others represented in "Love Poems," perhaps equally entitled with these to special mention.

There is little to interest the modern lover in early American verse. Woodworth, Wilde, Percival, Halleck, and Drake wrote lyrics of varying merit with love for the theme; Maria Brooks is best remembered for her "Day in Melting Purple Dying," and "The Mates"; Bryant's few love-lyrics are pensive and meditative, and the philosophy of Emerson's poems dominates their passion.

The love-element becomes more prominent in the graceful verse of Willis and Hoffman, and is still further developed by Longfellow. He depicts no stormy passion, but the tender doubts and fears and joys of the wooing, and the loveliness of

"Affection that hopes and endures and is patient,"

need no sweeter bard.

Whittier and Holmes have contributed little to love-poetry, but that little is eminently beautiful; the haunting music of Poe's love-strains one can never forget; Saxe wrote some pretty things; and Holland contemplated love from the philosophical side.

Whitman's love-verse is unique, and Lowell still carols his tender lyrics as if eternal youth ran in his veins.

William Wetmore Story was one of our greatest passion poets; "Cleopatra" and "Marcus Antoninus" are powerful poems, and some of his short lyrics are the choicest in love-poetry.

Bayard Taylor's Orientalisms and Richard Henry Stoddard's "Turkish Maiden" are instinct with warmth and life.

Space does not permit more than a passing mention of the strength of E. C. Stedman's love-poems, the tropical passion of Joaquin Miller's poems, and the surpassing grace of Richard Watson Gilder's sonnets. W. D. Howells, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Sidney Lanier, Will Carleton, Edgar Fawcett, and a host of later poets have written rememberable love-verse.

To the woman-poets of America love has been the inspiration of much of their best work. Alice and Phœbe Cary's sweetest songs were their love-songs; Julia C. R. Dorr and Rose Terry Cooke have treated the subject charmingly; the verse of one of our strongest poets, Helen Hunt Jackson, is filled with true and profound passion; Harriet Prescott Spofford's love-verse is spirited and powerful, and no one has written love-poems more pure and sweet than those of Elizabeth Akers Allen.

We have also the dainty trifles of Louise Chandler Moulton, which have never been surpassed in airiness and grace ; the ringing lyrics of Nora Perry, and the glowing verse of Ella Wheeler-Wilcox. Celia Thaxter, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, Sallie M. B. Piatt, Mary Clemmer Ames, "Susan Coolidge," Josephine Pollard, "Howard Glyndon," and many others, have in their love-verse struck notes both sweet and strong.

It is interesting to note how all poets have written of love. It is with some their chief inspiration ; others put their thought in a single song. Many authors are represented in these volumes whose writings are usually on other themes.

"All the world loves a lover," wrote Emerson. The poems to which our volumes open most readily—the poems which we carry in our pockets and that sing themselves over and over in our hearts—are not often what the ages have stamped as great poems ; but they are those which appeal to our hearts and experiences, and of these the favorite treat of the master-passion, love.

I have gathered in these little volumes some of the most striking of these poems. The first selections are from the "Faery Queen," published in 1590 ; the latest are from publications of the present year. Necessarily obliged to

omit many of equal beauty with those given, and some authors whom I would have been glad to represent had space permitted, the volumes contain more than six hundred poems, representing nearly three hundred authors, and every phase of love, from the earliest hints of the passion to the perfect consummation, or the final heart-break. Each poem and quotation is topically indexed in the Index of Subjects at the back of Vol. II.

A few of the poems are waifs whose parentage it has been difficult to ascertain. Cordial thanks are due authors and publishers for their courtesy in allowing the use of copyrighted poems.

Particular acknowledgments are made to Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., for poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne, James Berry Bensel, and Clinton Scollard; to Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons, for selections from the poems of J. G. Holland, H. C. Bunner, "Saxe Holm," and Sidney Lanier; to Mrs. Lanier, for a poem of Sidney Lanier's, reprinted from *The Century Magazine*; to Messrs. Harper & Bros., for a poem by Chas. G. Halpine, copyright 1868, for poems of Amélie Rives, from *Harper's Magazine*, copyrights 1888 and 1889, and for the poems of Will Carleton; to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., for selections from Wm. Cullen Bryant's writings; to Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., for ex-

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PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THE editor of "Love Poems" has been criticised for giving more space to one author than to another whose position is equally high.

The answer to this is simple. The work was not intended as a poetical encyclopædia, nor, although the authors follow one another in chronological succession, does it aim to give a continuous history of the growth of English and American verse, but to give representative poems on the one subject—Love. It follows that, as some poets have written much of Love, others only an occasional song, the proportion of one page of Bret Harte to three of Edgar Fawcett, or one poem of Lucy Larcom's to five of Mrs. Moulton's, is truly representative of the amatory verse of these poets. If more space has been given to Mrs. Wilcox and to Joaquin Miller than to Mrs. Thaxter and Miss

Thomas, it is because the former are passion poets. Were my collection one of Nature poems, this order would be reversed.

I regret the omission of two or three poets from the collection, due to their refusal to allow use of their poems.

It gives me pleasure to credit the poem "Jack and I" (Vol. II., p. 329) to Miss Mary Ainge de Vere, who published it under the *nom de plume* of Madeline S. Bridges. The poem "You Kissed Me" is variously ascribed to Miss Cass, Miss Gardner, and Miss Hunt.

JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

LOWVILLE, N. Y.



LOVE POEMS OF THREE CENTURIES

ENGLISH, SCOTTISH, AND IRISH



EDMUND SPENSER.

LOVE is life's end ; an end but never ending ;
All joys, all sweets, all happiness awarding ;
Love is life's wealth (ne'er spent but ever
spending),

Love 's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding :
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove.
Ah ! shouldst thou live but once love's sweets
to prove,
Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to
love.

Britain's Ida.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE FAERY QUEENE."

WONDER it is to see in diverse minds
How diversely Love doth his pageants
play,
And shows his power in variable kinds ;
The baser wit whose idle thoughts alway

Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
 It stirreth up to sensual desire,
 And in lewd sloth to waste his careless day ;
 But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire
 That to all high desert and honor doth aspire.

* * * * *

But if to love disloyalty it be,
 Shall I then hate her that from death's door
 Me brought ? Oh ! far be such reproach from
 me !

What can I less do than her love therefor
 Since I her due regard cannot restore ?
 Die, rather, die, and dying do her serve ;
 Dying her serve, and living her adore ;
 Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve :
 Die, rather, die, than ever from her service
 swerve.

* * * * *

The joys of love, if they should ever last,
 Without affliction or disquietness,
 That worldly chances do amongst them cast,
 Would be on earth too great a blessedness ;
 Liker to heaven than mortal wretchedness.
 Therefore the wingèd god, to let men weet
 That here on earth is no sure happiness,
 A thousand sours hath tempered with one sweet,
 To make it seem more dear and dainty, as is
 meet.

FROM "THE EPITHALAMIUM."

OPEN the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honor due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view :
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces :
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make ;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo
ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain ;

That even the angels, which continually
 About the sacred altar do remain,
 Forget their service, and about her fly,
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
 Are governed with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glance awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.
 Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band?
 Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluia sing.
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo
 ring.

JOHN LYLV.

A HEART full of coldness, a sweet full of
 Bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness.
 Which maketh thoughts have eyes, and hearts
 ears; bred
 By desire, nursed by delight, weaned by jealousy.
 Killed by dissembling, buried by
 Ingratitude;—and this is love.

Galathea.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows ;
 Loses them too, then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on 's cheek, but none knows how ;
 With these the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin ;
 All these did my Campaspe win ;
 At last he set her both his eyes ;
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love, hath she done this to thee ?
 What shall, alas, become of me !

SAMUEL DANIEL.

WHO can show all his love, doth love
 but lightly.

Sonnet.

LOVE.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing,
 A plant that most with cutting grows,
 Most barren with best using.
 Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
 Heigh-ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting ;
 And Jove hath made it of a kind
 Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
 Why so ?

More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
 Heigh-ho !

FAIR IS MY LOVE.

FAIR is my love, and cruel as she 's fair ;
 Her brow shades frown, although her eyes
 are sunny ;
 Her smiles are lightning, though her pride
 despair ;
 And her disdains are gall, her favors honey.
 A modest maid, decked with the blush of honor,
 Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and
 love ;
 The wonder of all eyes that look upon her !
 Sacred on earth, designed a saint above ;
 Chastity and Beauty, which are deadly foes,
 Live reconciled friends within her brow ;
 And had she Pity to conjoin with those,

Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My muse had slept, and had not known my
mind.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

SWEET Helen, make me immortal
with a kiss!—*Faustus.*

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hill and valley, grove and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs ;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May-morning.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Come live with me and be my love.

FROM " HERO AND LEANDER."

IT lies not in our power to love or hate,
 For will in us is overruled by fate.
 When two are stripped, long ere the race begin,
 We wish that one should lose, the other win,
 And one especially do we affect
 Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
 The reason no man knows : let it suffice
 What we behold is censured by our eyes ;
 Where both deliberate, the love is slight :
 Who ever loved, who loved not at first sight !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT light is light, if Sylvia be not seen ?
 What joy is joy, if Sylvia be not by ?
 Unless it be to think that she is by
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection ?

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale ;
Unless I look on Sylvia in the day
There is no day for me to look upon.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Rom.—He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET appears above at a window.

But soft ! What light through yonder window
breaks !

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious ;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.
It is my lady ; Oh ! it is my love :
Oh, that she knew she were !
She speaks, yet she says nothing : what of that ?
Her eye discourses : I will answer it.
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp ; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek !

Jul. Ay, me !

Rom. She speaks !

Oh, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingèd messenger of heaven.

Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air,

Jul. Oh, Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name :
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ?

Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy :
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What 's Montague ? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part

Belonging to a man. Oh, be some other name !
 What 's in a name ? That which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name ;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself !

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
 Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptized ;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, bescreened
 in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am :
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
 words
 Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
 wherefore ?
 The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb ;
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out ;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt :
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder
thee.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine
eye
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
their sight ;
And but thou love me, let them find me
here ;

My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place ?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to
inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest
sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form ; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—Ay :
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false : at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo !
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully ;
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo : but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my 'havior
light ;
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion ; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb :
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear ! Although I joy in
thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night ;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to
be
'Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good
night !

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet.

Good night, good night !—as sweet repose and
rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

Rom. Oh, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didst
request it :

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it ? for what
purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have ; for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu !

SONNET CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
Oh, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height
be taken.

Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks,

Within his bending sickle's compass come :
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

MISCELLANEOUS PASSAGES.

A Y, me ! for aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth.

* * * * *

O hell ! to choose love by another's eyes !

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced de-
 spair,
 And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy !
 O love !
 Be moderate ; allay thy ecstasy ;
 In measure rein thy joy ; scant this excess.
 I feel too much thy blessing : make it less,
 For fear I surfeit.

The Merchant of Venice.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There 's beggary in the love that can
 be reckoned.

Cleo. I 'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
 heaven, new earth.

* * * * *

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
 My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,

And thou shouldst tow me after ; o'er my spirit
 Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
 Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
 Command me.

* * * * *

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say, one of them rates
 All that is won and lost ; give me a kiss,
 Even this repays me.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Oh, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
 Hath virgined it e'er since.

Coriolanus.

What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you speak,
 sweet,
 I 'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
 I 'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
 Pray so ; and, for the ordering of your affairs,
 To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish
 you
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
 And own no other function. Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

The Winter's Tale.

To love,

It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;
It is to be all made of faith and service ;
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance.

As You Like It.

BEN JONSON.

THERE is no life on earth but being in love !
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love ! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse till I was in love !
And now I can outwake the nightingale.
Outwatch an userer, and outwalk him too ;
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure ;
And all that fancied treasure, it is love !

The New Inn.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not ask for wine.

The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

PASSAGE FROM "THE NEW INN."

Lovel. True love hath no unworthy thought,
no light,
Loose, unbecoming appetite, or strain,
But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

Lord Beaufort. I relish not these philosophical feasts,

Give me a banquet of sense like that of Ovid :
 A form to take the eye ; a voice mine ear ;
 Pure aromatic to my sense ; a soft,
 Smooth, dainty hand to touch ; and for my
 taste

Ambrosiac kisses to melt down the palate.

* * * * *

Lovel. My end is lost in loving of a face,
 An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,
 Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
 Move not, which only can make the return ?
 The end of love is to have two made one
 In will, and in affection, that the minds
 Be first inoculated, not the bodies.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN
 FLETCHER.

A MAN 's a fool
 If not instructed in a woman's school.

Spanish Curate.

HYMN TO VENUS.

O DIVINEST star of heaven,
 Thou, in power above the seven ;
 Thou, sweet kindler of desires,
 Till they grow to mutual fires ;
 Thou, O gentle queen, that art
 Curer of each wounded heart ;
 Thou, the fuel and the flame ;
 Thou, in heaven, here, the same ;
 Thou, the wooer and the wooed ;
 Thou, the hunger and the food ;
 Thou, the prayer and the prayed ;
 Thou, what is or shall be said ;
 Thou, still young and golden-tressèd,
 Make me by thy answer blessed.

The Mad Lover.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

HEAR ye, ladies that despise
 What the mighty Love has done ;
 Fear examples, and be wise :
 Fair Calisto was a nun ;
 Leda, sailing on the stream,
 To deceive the hopes of man,
 Love accounting but a dream,
 Doted on a silver swan ;
 Danæ in a brazen tower,
 Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
 What the mighty Love can do ;
 Fear the fierceness of the boy ;
 The chaste moon he makes to woo ;
 Vesta, kindling holy fires,
 Circled round about with spies,
 Never dreaming loose desires,
 Doting at the altar dies ;
 Ilion, in a short hour, higher
 He can build, and once more fire.

THOMAS CAREW.

THEN fly betimes, for only they
 Conquer love that run away.

Song.

SONG.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose ;
 For in your beauties, orient deep,
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day ;
 For in pure love heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale, when May is past ;
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

* * * * *

Ask me no more if east or west
 The Phœnix builds her spicy nest ;
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies !

GIVE ME MORE LOVE.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain,
 The torrid or the frozen zone
 Brings equal ease unto my pain ;
 The temperate affords me none ;
 Either extreme, of love or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,
 Like Danæ in that golden shower,
 I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour
 My vulture-hopes ; and he 's possessed
 Of heaven that 's but from hell released :
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;
 Give me more love, or more disdain.

ROBERT HERRICK.

IT is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry-red,
By love and warm desires fed,
And makes more soft the bridal-bed.

A Kiss.

TO ANTHEA.

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be :
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find
That heart I 'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honor thy decree ;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see,
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kiss ;
I dare not beg a smile ;
Lest having that or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desires shall be,
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissèd thee.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

LOVE was not meant for people in their wits,
 And they that fondly show it
 Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,
 And shall have bedlam for their pain.
 If single love be such a curse,
 To marry is to make it ten times worse.

Song.

STRAY PASSAGES FROM DRAMAS.

I LOVE Cleona
 With chaste and noble fire ; my intents are
 Fair as her brow ; I dare proclaim it, sir,
 In my devotions, in that moment when
 I know a million of adoring spirits
 Hover about the altar.

The Grateful Servant.

I AM forever thine,
 Created new to be made worthy of thee ;
 I have been dead too long to thee and virtue,
 Committed sin enough, in my neglect
 Of thee, to plant a fierce and deep antipathy
 In every woman's heart against mankind.

Love in a Maze.

A WIFE is man's best piece, who, till he
 marries,
Wants making up ; she is the shrine to which
Nature does send us forth on pilgrimage ;

* * * * *

She is the good man's paradise, and the bad's
First step to heaven ; a treasure which who
 wants,
Cannot be trusted to posterity,
Nor pay his own debts ; she is a golden sentence
Writ by the Maker, which the angels may
Discourse of, only men know how to use,
And none but devils violate.

Love's Cruelty.

EDMUND WALLER.

G O, lovely rose !
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Go, Lovely Rose.

SELF-EXILED.

IT is not that I love you less
 Than when before your feet I lay,
 But to prevent the sad increase
 Of hopeless love I keep away.
 In vain, alas ! for every thing
 Which I have known belongs to you ;
 Your form does to my fancy cling,
 And make my old wounds bleed anew.
 But vowed I have, and never must
 Your banished servant trouble you ;
 For if I break you may mistrust
 The vow I made to love you, too.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind :
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer ;
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair :
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

WHEN, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present and my soul delighted.

Song.

CONSTANCY.

OUT upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together ;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is no praise
Is due at all to me ;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

WHY SO WAN AND PALE?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do 't?
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move:
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love
 Nothing can make her;
 The devil take her.



SONG.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
For thou 'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I 'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine:
For I 'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

STOLEN sweets are always sweeter ;
Stolen kisses much completer.

Fairies' Song.

A VALEDICTION.

BID me not go where neither suns nor showers
Do make or cherish flowers ;
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
And Nature grieves as I.
When I am parted from those eyes
From which my better day doth rise,
Though some propitious power
Should plant me in a bower,
Where, amongst happy lovers, I might see
How showers and sunbeams bring
One everlasting spring ;
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me.
Nature herself to him is lost,
Who loseth her he honors most.
Then, fairest, to my parting view display
Your graces all in one full day ;
Whose blessed shapes I 'll snatch and keep, till
when
I do return and view again :
So by this art, fancy shall fortune cross,
And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

MISCELLANEOUS AND ANONYMOUS
LOVE POEMS.

FROM "THE SILENT LOVER."

PASSIONS are likened best to floods and streams ;
The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb ;
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

* * * * *

Silence in love betrays more woe
 Than words, though ne'er so witty ;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart !
 My true, though secret passion ;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
 And sues for no compassion.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

A DITTY.

MY true-love hath my heart and I have his,
 By just exchange one to the other given ;
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
 There never was a better bargain driven :
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides ;
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
 I cherish his, because in me it bides :
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir Philip Sidney.

CUPID'S CURSE.

MY love is fair, my love is gay,
 As fresh as are the flowers in May ;
 And of my love the roundelay,
 My merry, merry roundelay,
 Concludes with Cupid's curse :
 They that do change old love for new,
 Pray gods they change for worse !

My love can pipe, my love can sing,
 My love can many a pretty thing,

And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelay.

Amen to Cupid's curse !
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse !

George Peele.

PASSAGE FROM "WOMEN, BEWARE OF WOMEN!"

THE treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house :
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth !
The violet-bed 's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take de-light

To cast their modest odors. * * *

* * * Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man ;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lips
As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose,
And full as long !

Thomas Middleton.

SONG.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow ;
 Sweet air, blow soft, mount lark, aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark, I 'll borrow ;
 Bird, prune thy wing ! Nightingale, sing !
 To give my love good-morrow.
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Notes from them all I 'll borrow.
 •

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast !
 Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
 And from each bill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow !
 Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
 Sing my fair love good-morrow.
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Thomas Heywoqd.

FROM "PANDOSTO."

AH, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair—
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under the wide heavens, but yet not such.
So as she shews, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower :
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compassed she is with thorns and cankered
flower :
Yet, were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered though she grew on
thorn.

Robert Greene.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet ;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast ;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest :
 Ah, wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee,
 The livelong night.

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
 He music plays if so I sing ;
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
 Whist, wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
 And blind you when you long to play,
 For your offence ;
 I 'll shut mine eyes to keep you in ;
 I 'll make you fast it for your sin ;
 I 'll count your power not worth a pin ;
 Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod ?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god,

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid ! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

Thomas Lodge.

COME, LET US KISS AND PART.

SINCE there 's no hope, come, let us kiss and part !

Nay, I have done. You get no more of me ;
And I am glad—yea, glad with all my heart—
That thus so clearly I myself can free.

Shake hands forever ! Cancel all our vows !

And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen on either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain !
Now, at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless
lies,

When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now, if thou wouldest, when all have given him
over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet re-
cover.

Michael Drayton.

THE FORSAKEN MISTRESS.

I DO confess thou 'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee ;
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak had power to move thee ;
 But I can let thee now alone,
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou 'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favors are but like the wind,
 Which kisses every thing it meets,
 And since thou canst love more than one,
 Thou 'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose, that untouched stands,
 Armed with her briers, how sweet she smells !
 But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
 Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been a while,
 Like fair flowers to be thrown aside ;
 And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile,
 To see thy love to every one
 Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

Sir Robert Aytoun

THE MANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

* * * * *

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo ;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

George Wither.

I 'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

MY dear and only love, I pray
 That little world of thee,
 Be governed by no other sway
 Than purest monarchy :
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 And hold a synod in thy heart,
 I 'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone ;
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
 And always give the law, .
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe ;
 But 'gainst my batteries if I find
 Thou storm, or vex me sore,
 As if thou set me as a blind,
 I 'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 Or dare to share with me,—
 Or committees if thou erect,
 Or go on such a score,
 I 'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 I 'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword ;
 I 'll serve thee in such noble ways
 As ne'er was known before,
 I 'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.

ADIEU, LOVE !

SO long as I was in your sight
 I was your heart, your soul, your treasure ;
 And evermore you sobbed and sighed,
 Burning in flames beyond all measure.
 Three days endured your love for me,
 And it was lost in other three !
 Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
 Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love,
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad
 That you your love so soon removèd,
 Before that I the leisure had
 To choose you for my best belovèd ;
 For all your love was past and done
 Two days before it was begun !
 Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
 Untrue Love, adieu, Love, adieu, Love,
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

LOVE me little, love me long,
 Is the burden of my song,
 Love that is too hot and strong
 Burneth soon to waste.
 Still I would not have thee cold,
 Not too backward or too bold ;
 Love that lasteth till 't is old
 Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,
 'T will not prove as true a touch ;
 Love me little, more than such,
 For I fear the end.
 I 'm with little well content,
 And a little from thee sent
 Is enough, with true intent
 To be steadfast, friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive,
While that life endures.

Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now, in my May of youth,
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life perséver ;
Give me that, with true endeavor
I will it restore ;
A suit of durance let it be
For all weathers ; that for me
For the land or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel ;
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain—
So to thee farewell !

JOHN MILTON.

IMPARADISED in one another's arms.

Paradise Lost.

PASSAGES FROM "PARADISE LOST."

UNDER his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seemed fair in all the world, seemed
now

Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained,
And in her looks, which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappeared, and left me dark ; I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :
When out of hope, beheld her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dreams, adorned
With what all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninformed
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites :

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love !

* * * * *

If death

Consort with thee, death is to me as life,
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;
Our state cannot be severed, we are one,
One flesh, to lose thee were to lose myself.

* * * * *

With thee to go

Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.

JOHN DRYDEN.

PASSAGES FROM "ALL FOR LOVE."

Antony—How I loved,
Witness, ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danced away with down upon your feet,
As all your business were to count my passion.
One day passed by and nothing saw but love ;
Another came, and still 't was only love ;
The suns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untired with loving,

I saw you every day, and all the day,
And every day was still but as the first ;
So eager was I still to see you more.

* * * * *

Antony—Art thou living ?
Or am I dead before I knew, and thou
The first kind ghost that meets me ?

Cleopatra—How is it with you ?

Antony—'T is as with a man
Removing in a hurry ; all packed up,
But one dear jewel that his haste forgot ;
And he, for that, returns upon the spur :
So I came back for thee.

Cleopatra—Too long, ye heavens, ye have
been cruel to me !

O now be kind, and give me back
His fleeting life !

Antony—It will not be, my love !
I keep my soul by force.

* * * * *

Antony—What ages have we lived !
And now to die each other's ! and so dying,
While hand in hand we walk the groves
below,
Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock
about us,
And all the train be ours.

AH, HOW SWEET !

A H, how sweet it is to love !
Ah, how gay is young desire !
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach Love's fire !
Pains of Love are sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart ;
E'en the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend.
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send ;
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

ROBERT BURNS.

T O see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever ;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made another !

Bonny Leslie.

MY NANNIE 'S AWA.

NOW in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me it 's delightless—my Nannie 's awa.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn ;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie 's awa.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn ;
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
 Give over for pity—my Nannie 's awa.

Come, Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
 And soothe me with tidings o' Nature's decay :
 The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snaw
 Alane can delight me—Now Nannie 's awa.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O MY luve 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June ;
O my luve 's like the melodie,
That 's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I ;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luve !
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine !

Wishfully I look and languish
 In that bonnie face o' thine ;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na' mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine ;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine !
 Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert though mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine !

AE FOND KISS.

A E fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, alas ! forever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her was to love her ;
 Love but her and love forever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, alas ! forever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !
 There Simmer first unfauld your robes,
 And there the langest tarry ;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom !

The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and locked embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder ;
 But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care !
Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn.
Thou 'minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return !

Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

O' A' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best :

There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 Wi' mony a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 Sae lovely sweet and fair :
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,
 Wi' music charm the air :
 There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MIGHTIER far
 Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the
 sway
 Of magic potent over sun and star,
 Is love.

Laodamia.

WHY ART THOU SILENT?

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous
 air

Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For naught but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak, though this soft, warm heart, once free
to hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold,
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow,
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine,—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may
know!

A COMPLAINT.

THERE is a change,—and I am poor ;
Your love hath been, nor long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow ;
And flow it did, not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count !
Blest was I then all bliss above !
Now, for that consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I ? Shall I dare to tell ?
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love ; it may be deep,—
 I trust it is,—and never dry.
 What matter ? If the waters sleep
 In silence and obscurity.
 Such change, and at the very door
 Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

JAMES HOGG.

WHAT is the greatest bliss
 That the tongue o' man can name ?
 'T is to woo a bonnie lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
When the Kye Comes Hame.

•

THE WOMEN FOLK.

O SAIRLY may I rue the day
 I fancied first the womenkind ;
 For aye sinsyne I ne'er can ha'e
 Ae quiet thought or peace o' mind !
 They ha'e plagued my heart, an' pleased
 my e'e,
 An' teased an' flattered me at will,
 But aye, for a' their witchery,
 The pawky things ! I lo'e them still.

O, the women folk ! O, the women folk,
 But they ha'e been the wreck o' me ;
 O, weary fa' the women folk,
 For they winna let a body be !

I ha'e thought an' thought, but darena tell,
 I 've studied them wi' a' my skill,
 I 've lo'ed them better than mysel',
 I 've tried again to like them ill.
 Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,
 To comprehend what nae man can ;
 When he has done what man can do,
 He 'll end at last where he began.

O, the women folk ! O, the women folk !
 But they ha'e been the wreck o' me ;
 O, weary fa' the women folk,
 For they winna let a body be !

That they ha'e gentle forms an' meet,
 A man wi' half a look may see ;
 An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
 An' waving curls aboon the bree !
 An' smiles as soft as the young rose-bud,
 An' e'en sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
 Wad lure the laverock frae the clud—
 But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair !
 O, the women folk ! O, the women folk !
 But they ha'e been the wreck o' me,
 O, weary fa' the women folk,
 For they winna let a body be !

WHEN MAGGIE GANGS AWAY.

O WHAT will a' the lads do
 When Maggie gangs away?
 O, what will a' the lads do
 When Maggie gangs away?
 There 's no a heart in a' the glen
 That disna dread the day—
 O, what will a' the lads do
 When Maggie gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for 't,
 A waefu' wight is he ;
 Poor Harry 's ta'en the bed for 't,
 An' laid him down to dee ;
 An' Sandy 's gane unto the kirk,
 An' learnin' fast to pray—
 O, what will a' the lads do
 When Maggie gangs away ?

The young laird o' the Lang Shaw
 Has drunk her health in wine ;
 The priest has said—in confidence—
 The lassie was divine ;
 And that is mair in maiden's praise
 Than ony priest should say—
 But, O, what will the lads do
 When Maggie gangs away ?

The wailing in our green glen
 That day will quaver high,
 'T will draw the red-breast frae the wood,
 The laverock frae the sky ;
 The fairies frae their beds o' dew
 Will rise and join the lay—
 An' hey ! what a day 't will be
 When Maggie gangs away !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOVE rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above,
 For love is heaven and heaven is love.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

LOCHINVAR.—LADY HERON'S SONG.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had none ;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not
for stone,

He swam the Eske River where ford there was
none ;

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers
and all :

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
sword

(For the poor craven bridegroom spoke never a
word),

"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Loch-
invar ? "

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you
denied ;—

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
tide,—

And now I am come, with this lost love of
mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of
wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Loch-invar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
“ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Loch-invar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ‘T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her
ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the
charger stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
“ She is won ! We are gone, over bank, bush,
and scaur,
They ’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the
Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode
and they ran :
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they
see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar ?

LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

L OVE wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps ;
Oh ! for music’s softest numbers
To prompt a theme
For Beauty’s dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers !

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm ;
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling ;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing,

Oh ! wake and live !
No dreams can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling ;
No longer sleep—
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Love.

THE DAY-DREAM.

I SAW our couch, I saw our quiet room,
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom;
All o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,

All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling,—
I know not what,—but had the same been
stealing

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess
It would have made the loving mother
dream
That she was softly bending down to kiss
Her babe, that something more than babe
did seem,
A floating presence of its darling father,
And yet its own dear baby self far rather !

Across my chest there lay a weight so warm,
As if some bird had taken shelter there ;
And lo ! I seemed to see a woman's form—
Thine, Sara, thine ? Oh, joy, if thine it
were !

ESTRANGED LOVE.

CONSTANCY lives in realms above
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain !

* * * * *
But never either found another,
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,

Like cliffs that had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

FRENZIED Ambition and desponding Love
 Consume youth's fairest flowers.

ROSE AYLMER.

AH, what avails the sceptred race,
 Ah, what the form divine !
 What every virtue, every grace ?
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

RUBIES.

OFTEN have I heard it said,
 That her lips were ruby-red.
 Little heed I what they say,—

I have seen as red as they,
 'Ere she smiled on other men,
 Real rubies were they then.

When she kissed me once in play,
 Rubies were less bright than they,
 And less bright were those which shone
 In the palace of the sun.
 Will they be as bright agen ?
 Not if kissed by other men.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WITHOUT the smile from partial beauty
 won,
 Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun.

Pleasures of Hope.

THE FIRST KISS.

HOW delicious is the winning
 Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
 When two mutual hearts are sighing
 For the knot there 's no untying !

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
 Love has bliss, but Love has ruing ;

Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden ;
Laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last forever !

Love 's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel ;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing ?
No ! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there 's no untying.

SONG.

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell ;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word—Farewell.

The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet,—oh ! no, no, no !

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
Flies like a courser nigh the goal ;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
When thou art parted from my soul ?
Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
But not together,—no, no, no !

THOMAS MOORE.

THERE 's nothing half so sweet in life as
love's young dream !

Love's Young Dream.

ODE TO NEA.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless strayed ;
'T was not for us, whom heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where turning in
From ocean's rude and angry din,

As lovers steal to bliss,
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow back into the deep again,
As though they did not kiss.

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
 The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That ever lent its shade to love,
 No eye but heaven's o'er us !

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
 All we then looked and thought ;
'T was more than tongue could dare reveal,
'T was every thing that young hearts feel,
 By Love and Nature taught.

I stooped to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that on the golden sand
 Before us faintly gleamed ;
I trembling raised it, and when you
Had kissed the shell, I kissed it too—
 How sweet, how wrong it seemed !

Oh, trust me, 't was a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er the tempter's power
 Could tangle you or me in ;

Sweet Nea, let us roam no more
 Along that wild and lonely shore.
 Such walks may be our ruin.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home
 is still here ;
 Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'er-
 cast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through
 glory and shame ?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of
 bliss,
 And thy Angel I 'll be through the horrors
 of this,—
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to
 pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish
 there too !

'T IS SWEET TO THINK.

'T IS sweet to think, that, where'er we may
rove,

We are sure to find something blissful and
dear,

And that, when we're far from the lips we
love,

We've but to make love to the lips we are
near.

The heart, like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish
alone,

But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make closely its
own.

Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something, still, that is
dear.

And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are
near.

'T were a shame when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose is n't
there;

And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'T were a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're
changeable too,

And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture love's plume with a different
hue.

Then oh ! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is
dear,

And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are
near.

STRAY STANZAS.

LIES are, my dear, the soul of loving,
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
This world would be in strange confusion.

* * * * *

Whenever you may chance to meet
Some loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false, and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures,
And while he lies, his heart is yours :
But, oh ! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth.

Lying.

Oh, what while I could hear and see
 Such words and looks was heaven to me ?
 Though gross the air on earth I drew,
 'T was blessedèd, while she breathed it too ;
 Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
 Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
 Throughout creation I but knew
 Two separate worlds—the one, that small,
 Beloved, and consecrated spot
 Where Lea was—the other, all
 The dull, wide waste where she was *not* !

Loves of the Angels.

The time I 've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorned the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly 's all they 've taught me.

The Time I've Lost in Wooing.

Oh ! best of delights as it everywhere is
 To be near the loved *one*,—what a rapture is
 his

Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may
glide
O'er the lake of Cashmere, with that *one* by his
side !
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a Heaven she must make of
Cashmere !

Lalla Rookh.

Love was to his impassioned soul
Not as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole—
The very life-breath of his heart.

Loves of the Angels.

LEIGH HUNT.

FAITH, I thought him dead. Not he !
There he lives with tenfold glee ;
And now this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

Cupid Swallowed.

JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;

Time, you thief ! who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in :
 Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I 'm growing old, but add,—
 Jenny kissed me.

IF YOU BE A NUN.

If you be a Nun, Dear,
 A Friar I will be :
 In any cell you run, Dear,
 Pray look behind for me.
 The roses all turn pale too ;
 The doves all take the veil too ;
 The blind will see the show :
 What ! you become a Nun, my Dear ?
 I 'll not believe it. No !

If you become a Nun, Dear,
 The bishop Love will be ;
 The Cupids, every one, Dear,
 Will chant—“ We trust to thee ! ”
 The incense will go sighing ;
 The candles fall a-dying ;
 The water turn to wine :
 What ! you go take the vows, my Dear ?
 You may,—but they 'll be mine.

GEORGE GORDON.

(LORD BYRON.)

WHY did she love him? Curious fool! be
still—

Is human love the growth of human will?

Lara.

PASSAGES FROM "DON JUAN."

"**M**AN'S love is of man's life a thing apart,
'T is woman's whole existence; man
may range

The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the
mart,

Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange,
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot es-
trange;

Men have all these resources, we but one.
To love again, and be again undone.

" You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
Beloved and loving many; all is o'er

For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's
core !

These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before,—
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No.
That word is idle now—but let it go.”

* * * * *

They looked up to the sky, whose floating
glow

Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright ;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into
sight ;

They heard the waves' splash, and the wind so
low,

And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss ;

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above :
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert
move,

And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
 Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
 I think, it must be reckoned by its length.

* * * * *

Alas ! the love of women ! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
 And if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring
 To them, but mockeries of the past alone,
 And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
 Deadly, and quick, and crushing, yet, as real
 Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

* * * * *

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
 In all the others all she loves is love,
 Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
 And fits her closely—like an easy glove,
 As you may find, whene'er you like to prove
 her :
 One man alone at first her heart can move ;
 She then prefers him in the plural number,
 Not finding that the additions much encumber.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame ;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear,
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well :—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee?—
 In silence and tears.

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL! If ever fondest prayer
 For other's weal availed on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name 'beyond the sky.
 'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :
 Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
 Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;
 But in my breast and in my brain
 Awake the pangs that pass not by,
 The thought that ne'er shall sleep again,
 My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
 Though grief and passion there rebel :
 I only know we loved in vain—
 I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

"BARRY CORNWALL."

HOW many summers, Love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the wingèd wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

The Poet's Song to His Wife.

HOW MUCH.

ASK not how much I love thee :
Do not question why,
I have told thee the tale
In the evening pale,
With a tear and a sigh.

I told thee, when Love was hopeless—
But now he is wild, and sings—
That the stars above
Shine ever on love,
Though they frown on the fate of kings.

O, a king would have loved and left thee,
 And away thy sweet love cast ;
 But I am thine while the stars shall shine,
 To the last,—to the last !

FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE.

AWAKE !—The starry midnight hour
 Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight ;
 In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,
 And the doves lie housed in deep delight.
 Awake ! Awake !
 Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake !—Soft dews will soon arise
 From daisied mead and thorny brake :
 Then, sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
 And like the tender morning break !
 Awake ! Awake !
 Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake—Within the musk-rose bower
 I watch, pale flower of love, for thee.
 Ah, come ! and show the starry hour
 What wealth of love thou hid'st from me !
 Awake ! Awake !
 Show all thy love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake!—Ne'er heed though listening night
Steal music from thy silver voice,
Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
And bid the world and me rejoice!
Awake! Awake!—
She comes at last, for Love's sweet sake.

PASSAGE FROM "MIRANDOLA."

MY own sweet love! O my dear peerless wife!
By the blue sky and all the crowding stars,
I love you better—oh, far better than
Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HE stood beside me.
The embodied vision of the brightest dream,
Which like a dawn heralds the day of life;
The shadow of his presence made my world
A paradise. All familiar things he touched
All common words he spoke, became to me

Like forms and sounds of a diviner world.
 He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,
 As terrible and lovely as a tempest ;
 He came, and went, and left me what I am.

Drama.

THE INDIAN SERENADE.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright.
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Hath led me—who knows how?
 To the chamber window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The champak odors fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
 The nightingale's complaint
 It dies upon her heart,
 As I must die on thine,
 Belovèd as thou art !

Oh, lift me from the grass !
 I die, I faint, I fail !

Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast :
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

GOOD-NIGHT.

"GOOD-NIGHT?" No, love ! the night is
ill
Which severs those it should unite ;
Let us remain together still,—
Then it will be *good* night.

How were the night without thee good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood,—
Then it will be *good* night.

The hearts that on each other beat
From evening close to morning light
Have nights as good as they are sweet,
But never say "Good-night."

THE PAST.

WILT thou forget the happy hours
 Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
 Heaping over their corpses cold
 Blossoms and leaves instead of mould ?
 Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
 And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

Forget the dead, the past ? Oh yet
 There are ghosts that may take revenge for it !
 Memories that make the heart a tomb,
 Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
 And with ghastly whispers tell
 That joy, once lost, is pain.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

WHO called thee strong as Death, O Love ?
 Mightier thou wast and art.
The Coronation of Inez de Castro.

LEAVE ME NOT YET.

LEAVE me not yet—through rosy skies from far,

But now the song-birds to their nests return ;
The quivering image of the first pale star

On the dim lake yet scarce begins to burn :
 Leave me not yet !

Not yet!—Oh, hark ! low tones from hidden streams,

Piercing the shivery leaves, e'en now arise ;
Their voices mingle not with daylight dreams,

They are of vesper hymns and harmonies :
 Leave me not yet !

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love !

By day shut up in their own still recess,
They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,

Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness :
 Leave me not yet !

HOW CAN THAT LOVE SO DEEP, SO LONE.

HOW can that love so deep, so lone,
So faithful unto death,

Thus fitfully in laughing tone,
In airy word, find breath ?

Nay ! ask how on the dark wave's breast
 The lily's cup may gleam,
 Though many a mournful secret rest
 Low in the unfathomed stream.

That stream is like my hidden love,
 In its deep current's power ;
 And like the play of words above,
 That lily's trembling flower.

JOHN KEATS.

MORE happy love ! more happy, happy love,
 Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 Forever panting and forever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

PASSAGES FROM "ENDYMION."

O SOVEREIGN power of love ! O grief ! O balm !
 All records, saving thine, keep cool and calm,
 And shadowy, through the mist of passèd years :
 For others, good or bad, hatred or tears,

Have become indolent ; but touching thine,
 One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
 One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.
 The woes of Troy, towers smothering o'er their
 blaze,
 Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears, keen
 blades,
 Struggling, and blood, and shrieks—all dimly
 fades
 Into some backward corner of the brain,
 Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain,
 The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.

* * * * *

Oh, did he ever live, that lonely man
 Who loved—and music slew not? 'T is the
 pest
 Of love, that fairest things give most unrest,
 The things of delicate and tender worth
 Are swallowed all, and made a searèd dearth,
 By one consuming flame.

* * * * *

O love ! how potent hast thou been to teach
 Strange journeyings ! Wherever beauty dwells,
 In gulf or aerie, mountains or deep dells,
 In light, in glow, in star or blazing sun,
 Thou point'st out the way, and straight 't is
 won.

Amid his toils thou gav'st Leander breath ;
 Thou leddest Orpheus through the gleams of
 death ;
 Thou madest Pluto bear thin element :
 And now, O wingèd Chieftain thou hast sent
 A moonbeam to the deep, deep water-world
 To find Endymion.

LINES.

UNFELT, unheard, unseen,
 I 've left my little queen,
 Her languid arms in silver slumber lying.
 Ah ! through their nestling touch,
 Who—who can tell how much
 There is for madness—cruel, or complying ?

Those faery lids how sleek !
 Those lips how moist !—they speak,
 In ripest quiet, shadows of sweet sounds :
 Into my fancy's ear
 Melting a burden dear,
 How "love doth know no fulness, and no
 bounds."

THOMAS HOOD.

BUT when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she 'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John.

Faithless Sally Brown.

SONG.

SIGH on, sad heart, for love's eclipse,
And beauty's fairest queen,
Tho' 't is not for my peasant lips
To soil her name between.
A king might lay his sceptre down,
But I am poor and naught ;
The brow should wear a golden crown
That wears her in its thought.

Her dress seemed wove of lily leaves,
It was so pure and fine !
O lofty wears, and lofty weaves,
But hodden gray is mine ;
And homely hose must stop apart
Where gartered princes stand ;
But may he wear my love at heart
That wins her lily hand.

SERENADE.

AH, sweet ! thou little knowest how
 I wake, and passionate watches keep ;
 And yet while I address thee now,
 Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.
 'T is sweet enough to make me weep
 That tender thought of love and thee,
 That while the world is hushed so deep
 Thy soul 's perhaps awake to me.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep,
 With golden visions for thy dower,
 While I this midnight vigil keep,
 And bless thee in thy silent bower ;
 To me 't is sweeter than the power
 Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurled,
 That I alone, at this still hour,
 In patient love outwatch the world.

FAIR INES.

O SAW you not fair Ines ?
 She 's gone into the West,
 To dazzle when the sun is down
 And rob the world of rest.

She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines !
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon would shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright.
And blessed will the lover be,
Who walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek,
I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side
And whispered thee so near !
Were there no loving dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With a band of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before ;

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And gentle youths and maidens gay,—
 And snowy plumes they wore ;
 It would have been a beauteous dream,
 —If it had been no more !

Alas, alas, fair Ines !
 She went away with song,
 With music waiting on her steps,
 And shoutings of the throng.
 But some were sad and felt no mirth,
 But only music's wrong,
 In sounds that sang, farewell, farewell,
 To her you 've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on its deck,
 Nor danced so light before :—
 Alas for pleasure on the sea,
 And sorrow on the shore !
 The smile that blessed one lover's heart
 Has broken many more !

SINGLE POEMS.

THE PAIN OF LOVE.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss,
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain !

Abraham Cowley.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace,
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

Richard Lovelace.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

AS after noon, one summer day,
 Venus stood bathing in the river,
 Cupid a-shooting went that way,
 New-strung his bow, new-filled his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew ;
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
 The too well-guided arrow flew.

“ I faint ! I die ! ” the goddess cried.
 “ O cruel, couldst thou find no other
 To wreck thy spleen on ? Parricide !
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.”

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak,
 “ Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye.
 Alas ! how easy my mistake,
 I took you for your likeness Cloë.”

Matthew Prior.

ELOISE TO ABE LARD.

THOU know'st how guiltless first I met thy
flame,
When love approached me under friendship's
name,
My fancy formed thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of the all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed, Heaven listened while you
sung,
And truths divine came mended from that
tongue.
From lips like those what precept failed to
move?
Too soon they taught me 't was no sin to love.
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wished an angel whom I loved a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

* * * * *

Death, only Death, can break the lasting chain,
And here, even then, shall my cold dust remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 't is no sin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believed the spouse of God in vain,

Confessed within the slave of love and man.
 Assist me, Heaven ! But whence arose that
 prayer ?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair ?
 Even here where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

Alexander Pope.

ANGEL AND WOMAN.

“ **W**HEN your beauty appears,
 In its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new-dropt from the skies,
 At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my eyes.

“ **B**ut when without art
 Your kind thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes through every
 vein,
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants
 at your heart,—
 Then I know that you 're woman again.”

“ **T**here 's a passion and pride
 In our sex,” she replied,
 “ And thus might I gratify both, I would do,—
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman to you.”

Thomas Parnell.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

ALL nature fades extinct, and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every
thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

* * * * *

Flushed by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of
youth ;

The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair !
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission dressed,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purposed will.

James Thomson.

ON THE GIFT OF A SILK PURSE.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite
 To make thy curious web's delight,
 In vain the varied work would shine,
 If wrought by any hand but thine ;
 Thy hand that knows the subtler art,
 To weave those nets that catch the heart.

Spread out by me the roving coin
 Thy nets may catch, but not confine ;
 Nor can I hope thy silken chain
 The glittering vagrants will restrain.
 Why, Stella, was it then decreed
 The heart once caught should ne'er be freed ?

Samuel Johnson.

STANZAS FROM "HOPE."

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair—
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear—
 She will say 't was a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
 Who could rob a poor bird of her young ;
 And I loved her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove ;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she called it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmoved when her Corydon sighs ?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
This plain and these valleys despise ?
Dear regions of silence and shade !
Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
Where I could have pleasingly strayed,
If aught in her absence could please ?

But where does my Phyllida stray ?
And where are her grots and her bowers ?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
Are the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine ;
The swains may in manners compare—
But their love is not equal to mine.

William Shenstone.

FROM "RETIREMENT."

THE lover shuns business and alarms.
 Tender idolater of absent charms,
 Saints offer nothing in their warmest prayers,
 That he devotes not with a zeal like theirs ;
 'T is consecration of the heart, soul, time,
 And every thought that wanders is a crime.
 In sighs he worships his supremely fair,
 And weeps a sad libation to despair ;
 Adores a creature, and devout in vain,
 Wins in return an answer of disdain.

William Cowper.

TO ELIZA.

ELIZA, when with female art,
 You seek to shun and yet pursue,
 You act a false, a soulless part,
 Unworthy love, unworthy you.

Reluctance kills the rising bliss ;
 Half granted favors I disdain ;
 The honeyed lips that I would kiss
 Are gall unless they kiss again.

No passive love that silent takes
All I can give without return ;
Be mine the frame that passion shakes,
The liquid eye, the lips that burn.

Desires that mantle in the face,
Wishes that wait not to be won,
The living, dying, rapt embrace,—
Give these delights, or give me none.

John Wolcott.

WHAT 'T IS TO LOVE.

I T is to be all bathed in tears ;
To live upon a smile for years ;
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet :
To kneel, to languish and implore ;
And still, though she disdain, adore :—
It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings
sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprise ;
Yet tempered with such chaste and awful fear,
As wretches feel who wait their doom ;
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Though but in whispers breathed to meet her ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost ;
 Though heaven and earth thy passion crossed ;
 Though she were bright as sainted queens above,
 And thou the least and meanest swain
 That folds his flocks upon the plain,—
 Yet, if thou dost not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
 To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears ;
 If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved,—
 Though she were fonder and more true
 Than any nymph old poets drew,—
 O never dream that thou hast loved !

If, when the darling maid is gone,
 Thou dost not seek to be alone,
 Wrapped in a pleasing trance of tender woe,
 And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
 Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
 Thou dost not love,—for love is nourished so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
 But those which love has planted there,
 Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,—
 Thou never yet his power hast known,
 Love sits on a despotic throne,
 And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
And prove whose patience longest can endure ;
We 'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
In dreams of fondest passion most,
For if thou thus hast loved, O never hope a cure !

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

I WENT to the garden of love,
And saw what I never had seen ;
A chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gate of this chapel was shut,
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door ;
So I turned to the garden of love,
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be ;
And priests in black gowns were walking
their rounds,
And binding with briers my joys and desires.

William Blake.

TATTERED HOSE AND CLOUTED SHOON.

THOUGH richer swains thy love pursue,
 In Sunday gear and bonnets new,
 And every Fair before thee lay
 Their silken gifts with colors gay ;
 They love thee not, alas ! so well
 As one who sighs and dare not tell—
 Who haunts thy dwelling, night and noon,
 In tattered hose and clouted shoon.

I grieve not for my wayward lot,
 My empty folds, my roofless cot,
 Nor hateful pity proudly shown,
 Nor altered looks, nor friendship flown ;
 Nor yet my dog with lanken sides,
 Who by his master still abides ;—
 But how will Nan prefer my boon
 In tattered hose and clouted shoon ?

Joanna Baillie.

TO THE LADY HAMILTON.

TOO late I stayed,—forgive the crime ;
 Unheeded flew the hours ;
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
 That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass !

Oh, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings !

Hon. William Robert Spencer.

IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity ;
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;
But love is indestructible :
Its holy flame forever burneth ;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.

Robert Southey.

TO LOVE.

WHY should I blush to own I love?
 'T is love that rules the realms above.
 Why should I blush to say to all
 That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
 Lest love's dear secret be betrayed?
 Why the stern brow deceitful move,
 When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
 On passion that I dare not tell?
 Such weakness I would ever prove.
 'T is painful, though 't is sweet, to love.

Henry Kirke White.

SONG.

OH ! say not woman's heart is bought
 With vain and empty pleasure ;
 Oh ! say not woman's heart is caught
 By every idle pleasure.
 When first her gentle bosom knows
 Love's flame, it wanders never ;
 Deep in her heart the passion glows,—
 She loves and loves forever.

Oh ! say not woman 's false as fair,
 That like the bee she ranges ;
 Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
 As fickle fancy changes.
 Ah no ! the love that first can warm
 Will leave her bosom never ;
 No second passion e'er can charm,
 She loves, and loves forever.

Thomas Love Peacock.

WON'T YOU ?

D^O you remember when you heard
 My lips breathe love's faltering word ?
 You do, sweet—don't you ?
 When, having wandered all the day,
 Linked arm in arm, I dared to say,
 " You 'll love me—won't you ? "

And when you blushed and could not speak,
 I fondly kissed your glowing cheek,
 Did that affront you ?
 Oh, surely not—your eye express
 No wrath—but said, perhaps in jest,
 " You 'll love me—won't you ? "

I 'm sure my eyes replied, " I will."
 And you believe that promise still,
 You do, sweet—don't you ?
 Yes, yes ! when age has made our eyes
 Unfit for questions or replies,
 You 'll love me—won't you ?

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

LOVE.—FROM "THE COURSE OF TIME."

HAIL, love, first love, thou word that sums all
 bliss !
 The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
 The silken down of happiness complete !
 Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy
 She gathered and selected with her hand,
 All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
 All rarest odors, all divinest sounds,
 All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul :
 And brought the holy mixture home, and filled
 The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
 But who would that expound, which words
 transcends ?
 Must talk in vain.

Robert Pollok.

FORGET THEE.

“FORGET thee?” If to dream by night,
And muse on thee by day,
If all the worship deep and wild
A poet’s heart can pay ;
If prayers in absence breathed for thee,
To Heaven’s protecting power,
If wingèd thoughts that flit to thee,—
A thousand in an hour,
If busy Fancy blending thee
With all my future lot,—
If this thou call’st “forgetting,”
Thou indeed shalt be forgot !

“Forget thee?” Bid the forest birds
Forget their sweetest tune ;
“Forget thee?” Bid the sea forget
To swell beneath the moon ;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink
The eve’s refreshing dew ;
Thyself forget thine own “dear land,”
And its “mountains wild and blue ;”
Forget each old familiar face,
Each long-remembered spot,
When these things are forgot by thee,
Then thou shalt be forgot.

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace,
 Still calm and fancy-free,
 For God forbid thy gladsome heart
 Should grow less glad for me ;
 Yet, while that heart is still unwon,
 Oh ! bid not mine to rove,
 But let it nurse its humble faith,
 And uncomplaining love ;—
 If these, preserved for patient years,
 At last avail me not,
 Forget me then ;—but ne'er believe
 That thou canst be forgot !

John Moultrie.

SCOTCH SOLITAIRE.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my
 Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I 've mony day
 been ;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir ;

Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They 'll ne'er mak' a tempest like that in my mind ;
Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,
That 's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained ;
By ease that 's inglorious no fame can be gained ;
And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse ?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I 'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I 'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I 'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Allan Ramsay.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?
 What ails this watery ee?
 And gars me a' turn pale as death
 When I take leave o' thee?
 When thou art far awa',
 Thou 'lt dearer grow to me;
 But change o' place and change o' folk
 May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
 Or walk at morning air,
 Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
 I used to meet thee there.
 Then I 'll sit down and cry,
 And live aneath the tree,
 And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
 I 'll ca 't a word frae thee.

I 'll hie me to the bower
 That thou wi' roses tied,
 And where wi' mony a blushing bud
 I strove myself to hide.
 I 'll dote on ilka spot
 Where I ha'e been wi' thee;
 And ca' to mind some kindly word
 By ilka burn and tree.

Susanna Blamire.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the
kye 's come hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by
me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for
his bride,
But saving ae crown-piece he had naething be-
side ;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to
sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith
for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm and the cow was
stoun away ;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna wark—my mither couldna
spin—
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna
win ;

Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears
in his ee,
Said : "Jeanie, O for their sakes, will ye no
marry me ? "

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie
back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a
wrack ;
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?
Or why am I spared to cry wae is me ?

My father urged me sair—my mither didna
speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like
to break ;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the
sea—
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadnna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my
door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it
he,
Till he said : "I 'm come hame, love, to marry
thee ! "

Oh, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
 I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa'—
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to dee,
 For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young,
 wae is me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,
 But I 'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For, oh ! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

Lady Anne Barnard.

OH, TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
 Right soon I 'll mount my steed,
 And strong his arm and fast his seat,
 That bears frae me the meed.
 I 'll wear thy colors in my cap,
 Thy picture in my heart ;
 And he that bends not to thine eye
 Shall rue it to his smart.

*Then tell me how to woo thee, love ;
 O tell me how to woo thee !
 For thy dear sake nae care I 'll take
 Though ne'er another trow me.*

If gay attire delight thine eye,
 I 'll dight me in array ;
 I 'll tend thy chamber door all night,
 And squire thee all the day.
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
 These sounds I 'll strive to catch ;
 Thy voice I 'll steal to woo thyself,
 That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain—
 I never broke a vow ;
 Nae maiden lays her skaith to me ;
 I never loved but you.
 For you alone I ride the ring,
 For you I wear the blue ;
 For you alone I strive to sing,—
 Oh, tell me how to woo !

Robert Graham, of Gartmoor.

WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'

THE bride came out o' the byre,
 And, oh, as she dighted her cheeks :
 "Sirs, I 'm to be married the night,
 And have neither blankets nor sheets ;
 Have neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;

The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
 Has e'en right muckle ado."
 Woo'd, and married, and a',
 Married, and woo'd, and a' !
 And was she nae very weel off,
 That was woo'd, and married, and a' ?

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he cam in frae the pleugh :
 "Oh, haud your tongue, my dochter,
 And ye 's get gear eneugh ;
 The stirk stands i' the tether,
 And our braw bawsint yaud,
 Will carry ye hame your corn—
 What wad ye be at, ye jaud?"

Out spake the bride's mither :
 "What deil needs a' this pride ?
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride ;
 My gown was linsey-woolsey,
 And ne'er a sark ava ;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa." . . .

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he cam in wi' the kye :
 "Poor Willie wad ne'er ha ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I ;

For ye 're baith proud and saucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife ;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 I 'se ne'er tak ane i' my life."

Out spake the bride's sister,
 As she cam in frae the byre :
 "O gin I were but married,
 It 's a' that I desire ;
 But we poor folk maun live single,
 And do the best that we can ;
 I dinna care what I should want,
 If I could get but a man."

Alexander Ross.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
 For, night and day on me she cries ;
 And, like an angel, to the skies
 Still seems to beckon me !
 For me she lived, for me she sighed,
 For me she wished to be a bride ;
 For me in life's sweet morn she died
 On fair Kirkconnel-Lee !

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind

Took deadly aim at me ;
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rushed in between me and the blow ;
And now her corse is lying low
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee !

Though heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell,
And tore my love from me !
For if, where all the graces shine—
Oh ! if on earth there 's aught divine,
My Helen ! all these charms were thine—
They centred all in thee !

Ah, what avails it that, amain,
I clove the assassin's head in twain ;
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
No resting-place for me :
I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When Murder laid her bosom bare
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee !

Oh ! when I 'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,

May He who life and spirit gave
 Unite my love and me !
 Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
 My soul on wings of peace shall rise ;
 And, joining Helen in the skies,
 Forget Kirkconnel-Lee !

John Mayne.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben-Lomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloam-in',
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its sauft fauldin' blossom !
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green :
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 She 's modest as ony, and blithe as she 's bonny ;
 For guileless simplicity makes her its ain ;

And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha 'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower
o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the
e'enings;
Thou 'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood
glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dum-
blane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and
vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o'
Dumblane.
Though mine were the station of loftiest gran-
deur,
Amidst its profusion I 'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splen-
dor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dum-
blane.

Robert Tannahill.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 And dinna be sae rude to me,
 As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
 To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane,
 But, gude sake, no before folk.
 Behave yourself' before folk,
 Behave yourself' before folk ;
 Whate'er you do when out o' view,
 Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
 And what a great affair they 'll mak'
 O' naething but a simple smack
 That 's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
 Behave yourself' before folk,
 Behave yourself' before folk,
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It 's no through hatred o' a kiss
 That I sae plainly tell you this,

But, losh ! I tak' it sair amiss
 To be sae teased before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 When we 're alane ye may tak' ane,
 But fient a ane before folk.

I 'm sure wi' you I 've been as free
 As ony modest lass should be,
 But yet it doesna do to see
 Sic freedom used before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 I 'll ne'er submit again to it—
 So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair,
 It may be sae—I dinna care—
 But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
 As ye ha'e done before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks.
 But aye be douce before folk. .

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
 Sic tales, I doubt, are all deceit ;
 At ony rate, it 's hardly meet,
 To pree their sweets before folk

Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 Gin that 's the case, there 's time and place,
 But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
 That I should suffer to be kissed,
 Gae get a license frae the priest,
 And mak' me yours before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 And when we 're ane, bluid, flesh, and bane,
 Ye may tak' ten before folk.

Alexander Rodger.

MY NANIE O.

RED rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
 Mirk is the night and rainie O,
 Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
 I 'll gang and see my Nanie O ;
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
 My kind and winsome Nanie O,
 She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
 And nae can do 't but Nanie O.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
 Sae saintly and sae bonny O,

I cannot get a glimpse of grace,
 For thieving looks at Nanie O ;
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
 The world 's in love with Nanie O ;
 That heart is hardly worth the wear
 That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
 When dancing she moves finely O ;
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 They sparkle sae divinely O ;
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
 The flower o' Nithsdale 's Nanie O ;
 Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
 And says, "I dwell with Nanie O."

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
 O'er Tinwald-top so bonny O,
 My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
 When coming frae my Nanie O ;
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
 Nane ken o' me and Nanie O ;
 The stars and moon may tell 't aboon,
 They winna wrang my Nanie O !

Allan Cunningham.

MY AIN WIFE.

I WADNA gi'e my ain wife
 For ony wife I see ;
 For, oh ! my dainty ain wife,
 She 's aye sae dear to me.
 A bonnier yet I 've never seen,
 A better canna be ;
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife
 For ony wife I see.

Though beauty is a fadin' flower,
 As fadin' as it 's fair,
 It looks fu' well in ony wife,
 An' mine has a' her share.
 She ance was ca 'd a bonny lass—
 She 's bonny aye to me ;
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife
 For ony wife I see.

Oh, couthy is my ingle-cheek,
 And cheery is my Jean.
 I never see her angry look,
 Nor hear her word on ane.
 She 's gude wi' a' the neebours roun',
 An' aye gude to me ;
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife
 For ony wife I see.

But oh, her looks sae kindly,
 They melt my heart outright,
 When owre the baby at her breast
 She hangs wi' fond delight.
 She looks intil its bonny face
 And syne looks to me ;
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife
 For ony wife I see.

Alexander Laing.

THEY SPEAK O' WILES.

THEY speak o' wiles in woman's smiles,
 An' ruin in her ee ;
 I ken they bring a pang at whiles
 That 's unco' sair to dree ;
 But mind ye this, the half-ta'en kiss.
 The first fond fa'in' tear,
 Is, heaven kens, fu' sweet amends,
 An' tints o' heaven here.

When two leel hearts in fondness meet,
 Life's tempests howl in vain ;
 The very tears o' love are sweet
 When paid with tears again.
 Shall hapless prudence shake its pow ?
 Shall cauldrie caution fear ?
 Oh, dinna, dinna droun the lowe
 That lights a heaven here !

William Thom.

IF TO THY HEART I WERE AS NEAR.

If to thy heart I were as near
 As thou art near to mine,
 I'd hardly care though a' the year
 Nae sun on earth suld shine, my dear !
 Nae sun on earth suld shine !

Twin starries are thy glancing een,—
 A warld they 'd licht, and mair ;
 And gin that ye be my Christine,
 Ae blink to me ye 'll spare, my dear,
 Ae blink to me ye 'll spare !

My leesome may I 've wooed too lang ;
 Aneath the trystin' tree
 I' ve sung till a' the plantins rang
 Wi' lays o' love for thee, my dear,
 Wi' lays o' love for thee !

The dew-draps glisten on the green,
 The laverlocks lilt on high.
 We 'll forth and down the lane, Christine,
 And kiss when nane is nigh, my dear,
 And kiss when nane is nigh !

William Motherwell.

WIFIE, COME HAME.

WIFIE, come hame,
My couthie wee dame !
Oh, but ye're far awa,
Wifie, come hame !

Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy
broo,

Come wi' the lown star o' love in thine ee,
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',
A' glist wi' balm, like the dew on the lea.
Come wi' the gowd tassels fringin' thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose-cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,
Come wi' thy wee step, and wifie-like air,
Oh, quickly come, and shed blessings on me !

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame !
Oh, my heart wearies sair,
Wifie, come hame !

Come wi' our love-pledge, our dear little dawtie,
Clasping my neck round, an' clamb'rin' my
knee ;

Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee.

Oh, but the house is a cold hame without ye,
 Lanely and eerie 's the life that I dree ;
 Oh, come awa', an' I 'll dance round about ye,
 Ye 'll ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee.

James Ballantine.

OH, DINNA ASK ME.

OH, dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee ;
 Troth, I daurna tell :
 Dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee ;
 Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh, dinna look sae sair at me,
 For weel ye ken me true ;
 Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,
 I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,
 And bonny lassies see,
 Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
 Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
 That ye lo'ed mair than me ;
 And oh, I 'm sure, my heart would break,
 Gin ye 'd prove false to me.

John Dunlop.

YE NEEDNA' BE COURTIN' AT ME.

" **Y**E needna' be courtin' at me, auld man,
 Ye needna' be courtin' at me ;
 Ye 're threescore an' three, an' ye 're blin' o'
 an e'e,
 Sae ye needna' be courtin' at me, auld man,
 Ye needna' be courtin' at me.

" Stan' aff, noo, an' just lat me be, auld man,
 Stan' aff, noo, an' just lat me be ;
 Ye 're auld an' ye 're cauld, an' ye 're blin'
 an' ye 're bald,
 An' ye 're nae for a lassie like me, auld man,
 Ye 're nae for a lassie like me."

" Ha'e patience, an' hear me a wee, sweet lass,
 Ha'e patience an' hear me a wee ;
 I 've gowpens o' gowd, an' an aumry weel
 stow'd,
 An' a heart that lo'es nane but thee, sweet
 lass,
 A heart that lo'es nane but thee.

" I 'll busk you as braw as a queen, sweet lass,
 I 'll busk you as braw as a queen ;

I 've guineas to spare, an', hark ye, what 's
mair,
I 'm only twa score an' fifteen, sweet lass,
Only twa score an' fifteen."

" Gae hame to your gowd an' your gear, auld
man,
Gae hame to your gowd and your gear ;
There 's a laddie I ken has a heart like mine
ain,
An' to me he shall ever be dear, auld man,
To me he shall ever be dear.

" Get aff, noo, an' fash me nae mair, auld man,
Get aff, noo, an' fash me nae mair ;
There 's a something in love that your gowd
canna move—
I 'll be Johnnie's although I gang bare, auld
man,
I 'll be Johnnie's although I gang bare."

Peter Still.

I WEAR A JEWEL.

I WEAR a jewel near my heart, for gold I wadna sell ye,

A peerless gem—a lassie's love—its worth I couldna tell ye.

Her beamin' e'e is heaven to me, her cherry mou', the pree o 't—

In ae sweet kiss there's mair o' bliss than a' that gold could gie o 't.

The envious stan', an' lift their han', an' glow'r that I should own it.

An' cantrip carles sairly blame an' swear that I ha'e stown it.

The gossips mak' an unco' crack, but we can lo'e in spite o 't,

An' if they lea' her love to me I 'll tak' wi' that the wyte o 't.

My heart it beats to hear her speak, wi' joy in every stoun o 't,

An' oh ! whene'er I hear her name, I love the very soun' o 't.

Tho' weel I ken her loving heart is a' that she can gie me.

Tho' freen may frown, and fremet blame, I ken she 'll never lea' me.

It may be costs a tear or twa when nae ane's
 near to ken o 't,
 When thinking o' oor lang-tried love I canna .
 see the en' o 't;
 An' may be when I waukriſe lie, when nicht
 an' morning 's meetin'—
 That eerie hour o' mystic power—my heart is
 sairly greetin'.

Oh, that the warl' should ever ban twa hearts
 that lo'e ilk ither,
 That love should burn, and hearts should yearn,
 an' never come thegither !
 But love that grew, we kenna hoo, will surely
 be forgiven ;
 For many a love is banned on earth that 's no a
 sin in heaven.

James P. Crawford.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it 's there that Annie Laurie
 Gie'd me her promise true,—
 Gie'd me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift ;
 Her throat is like the swan ;
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on,—
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her ee ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I 'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
 And like the winds in summer sighing
 Her voice is low and sweet,—
 Her voice is low and sweet ;
 And she 's a' the world to me ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I 'd lay me doune and dee.

Douglas of Finland.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

GIN a body meet a body
 Comin' through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body
 Need a body cry ?
 Every lassie has her laddie—
 Ne'er a ane ha'e I :
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel' ;
 But whaur his hame, or what 's his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town,
 Gin a body greet a body,
 Need a body frown ?
 Every lassie has her laddie—
 Ne'er a ane ha'e I ;
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.
 Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel' ;
 But whaur his hame, or what 's his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

KISSING NO SIN.

SOME say that kissing 's a sin,
 But I think it 's nane ava—
 For kissing has wonn'd in this warld
 Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna' lawfu',
 Lawyers wadna allow it ;

If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it ;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it.

SHAMROCKS.

SYLVIA'S SONG.

THE streams that wind amid the hills
And lost in pleasure slowly roam,
While their deep joy the valley fills,—
Even these will leave their mountain home.
So may it, Love ! with others be,
But I will never wend from thee.
The leaf forsakes the parent spray,
The blossom quits the stem as fast ;
The rose-enamoured bird will stray
And leave his eglantine at last.
So may it, Love ! with others be,
But I will never wend from thee.

George Darley.

GO, FORGET ME.

GO, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me,—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee,
Sing—though I shall never hear thee :
May thy soul with pleasure shine
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest things in light ;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things looked so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee ;
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell,
Go, for me no longer beaming—
Hope and beauty ! fare ye well !
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted—
Glory's burning, generous swell,
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

Charles Wolfe.

THE LADYE OF LEE.

THERE 's a being bright whose beams
 Light my days and gild my dreams
Till my life all sunshine seems—'t is the ladye
 of Lee.

Oh ! the joy that Beauty brings,
While her merry laughter rings
And her voice of silver sings—how she loves
 but me !

There 's a grace in every limb,
There 's a charm in every whim,
And the diamond cannot dim—the dazzling of
 her e'e.

But there 's a light amid
All the lustre of her lid
That from the crowd is hid—and only I can see.

'T is the glance by which is shown
That she loves but me alone :
That she is all mine own—this ladye of Lee.

Then say, can it be wrong
If the burden of my song
Be, how fondly I 'll belong to this ladye of Lee ?

Francis Mahony (Father Prout).

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THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
 'T was on a market day :
 A low-backed car she drove, and sat
 Upon a truss of hay ;
 But when that hay was blooming grass,
 And decked with flowers of spring,
 No flower was there that could compare
 With the blooming girl I sing.
 As she sat in the low-backed car,
 The man at the turnpike bar
 Never asked for the toll,
 But just rubbed his owld poll,
 And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
 The proud and mighty Mars
 With hostile scythes demands his tithes
 Of death, in warlike cars ;
 While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
 Has darts in her bright eye,
 That knock men down in the market town,
 As right and left they fly ;
 While she sits in her low-backed car,
 Than battle more dangerous far ;—
 For the doctor's art
 Cannot cure the heart,
 That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these ;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love !
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far ;
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in her low-backed car.

Oh ! I 'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride ;
For a lady would sit forinst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,—
While we drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mahar ;
Oh ! my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,—
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

Samuel Lover.

KITTY NEIL.

" A H ! sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from your
wheel

Your neat little foot will be weary from
spinning ;

Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree ;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is
beginning.

The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened
valley ;

While all the air rings with the soft loving
things

Each little bird sings in the green shaded
alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the
while,

Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair,
glancing ;

'T is hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she could n't but choose to go off to the
dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are
seen,

Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his
choosing ;
And Pat without fail leads out sweet Kitty
Neil,
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought
of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in
motion :

With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the
ground;
The maids move around, just like swans on
the ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing :
Search the world all around, from the sky to
the ground,

No such sight can be found as an Irish lass
dancing.

Sweet Kate, who could view your bright eyes of
deep blue,

Beaming humidly through their dark lashes
so mildly,

Your fair-turnèd arm, heaving breast, rounded
form,

Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb
wildly ?

Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,

Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet
love ;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries, with a
sigh,
“ Dance light, for my heart it lies under your
feet, love ! ”

Denis Florence MacCarthy.

NANNY.

O FOR an hour when the day is breaking
Down by the shore when the tide is
making !

Fair as a white cloud, thou, love, near me,
None but the waves and thyself to hear me !
O, to my breast how these arms would press
thee !

Wildly my heart in its joy would bless thee !
O, how the soul thou hast won would woo thee,
Girl of the snow neck ! closer to me.

O, for an hour when the day advances,
Out where the breeze on the brown brush dances,
Watching the lark, with the sun ray o'er us,
Winging the notes of his heaven-taught chorus !
O, to be there and my love before me !
Soft as a moonbeam smiling o'er me !
Thou wouldest but love, and I would woo thee,
Girl of the dark eye ! closer to me.

O, for an hour where the sun first found us,
 Out in the eve with its red sheets round us,
 Brushing the dew from the gale's soft winglets,
 Pearly and sweet, with thy long dark ringlets !
 O, to be there on the sward beside thee,
 Telling my tale though I know you 'd chide
 me !

Sweet were thy voice though it could undo me,
 Girl of the dark locks ! closer to me.

O, for an hour by night or by day, love,
 Just as the heavens and thou might say, love !
 Far from the stars of the cold-eyed many,
 Bound in the breath of my dove-souled Nanny !
 O, for the pure charms that have bound me,
 Warm from thy red lips circling round me !
 O, in my soul, as the light above me,
 Queen of the pure hearts ! do I love thee !

Frances Davis.

THE WELCOME.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning,—
 Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning,—
 Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I 'll
 adore you !

Light is my heart since the day we were
plighted ;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than -
ever ;
And the linnets are singing—True lovers don't
sever !

I 'll pull you sweet flowers to wear, if you
choose 'em ;
Or, after you 've kissed them, they 'll lie on my
bosom ;
I 'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to in-
spire you ;
I 'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire
you.
Oh ! your step 's like the rain to the summer-
vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without ar-
mor !
I 'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above
me ;
Then wandering I 'll wish you in silence to love
me.

We 'll look through the trees at the cliff and
the eyrie ;
We 'll tread round the rath on the track of the
fairy ;

We 'll look on the stars and we 'll list to the
river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can
give her.
Oh ! she 'll whisper you—"Love, as unchange-
ably beaming,
And trust when in secret most tunefully stream-
ing :
Till the star-light of heaven above us shall
quiver,
As our souls flow in one down Eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morn-
ing,—
Come when you 're looked for, or come without
warning,—
Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before
you ;
And the oftener you come here the more I 'll
adore you !
Light is my heart since the day we were
plighted ;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than
ever ;
And the linnets are singing—True lovers don't
sever !

Thomas Osborne Davis.

KITTY BHAN.

BEFORE the first ray of blushing day,
 Who should come by but Kitty Bhan,
 With her cheek like the rose in a bed of snows,
 And her bosom beneath like the sailing swan ?
 I looked and looked, till my heart was gone.

With the foot of a fawn she crossed the lawn,
 Half confiding and half in fear ;
 And her eyes so blue they thrilled me through,
 One blessed minute ; then like the deer
 Away she darted, and left me here !

O Sun ! you are late at your golden gate,
 For you 've nothing to show beneath the sky
 To compare with the lass who crossed the
 grass
 Of the shamrock field ere the dew was dry,
 And the glance that she gave me as she went
 by !

Albert Perceval Graves.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

LOVE ! gentlest spirit ! I do tell of thee—
Of all thy thousand hopes, thy many
fears,

Thy morning blushes, and thy evening tears ;
What thou hast ever been and still will be,
Life's best, but most betraying, witchery.

Rosalie.

CAN YOU FORGET ME ?

CAN you forget me ?—I who have so cher-
ished

The veriest trifle that was memory's link ;
The roses that you gave me, although perished,
Were precious in my sight ; they made me
think.

You took them in their scentless beauty stooping
From the warm shelter of the garden wall ;
Autumn, while into languid winter drooping,
Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.

Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me? I am not relying
 On plighted vows—alas! I know their worth;
 Man's faith to woman is a trifle, dying
 Upon the very breath that gave it birth.
 But I remember hours of quiet gladness,
 When, if the heart had truth, it spoke it then,
 When thoughts would sometimes take a tone of
 sadness,
 And then unconsciously grow glad again.
 Can you forget them?

Can you forget me? My whole soul was blended,
 At least it sought to blend itself with thine;
 My life's whole purpose, winning thee, seemed
 ended;
 Thou wert my heart's sweet home—my spirit's
 shrine.
 Can you forget me?—when the firelight burning,
 Flung sudden gleams around the quiet room,
 How would thy words, to long past moments
 turning,
 Trust me with thoughts soft as the shadowy
 gloom!
 Can you forget them?

There is no truth in love, whate'er its seeming,
 And heaven itself could scarcely seem more
 true.

Sadly have I awakened from the dreaming,
Whose charmèd slumber—false one!—was of
you.
I gave my inmost being to thy keeping—
I had no thought I did not seek to share;
Feelings that hushed within my soul were
sleeping,
Waked into voice, to trust them to thy care.
Can you forget them?

Can you forget me? This is vainly tasking
The faithless heart where I, alas! am not.
Too well I know the idleness of asking—
The misery—of why am I forgot?
The happy hours that I have passed while
kneeling
Half slave, half child, to gaze upon thy face.
—But what to thee this passionate appealing?—
Let my heart break—it is a common case.
You have forgotten me.

A CONFSSION.

I T is a fearful thing
To love as I love thee; to feel the world—
The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world—
A blank without thee. Nevermore to me
Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seeming.
Now

I have no hope that does not dream for thee ;
 I have no joy that is not shared by thee ;
 I have no fear that does not dread for thee ;
 All that I once took pleasure in—my lute,
 Is only sweet when it repeats thy name ;
 My flowers, I only gather them for thee ;
 The book drops listless down, I cannot read,
 Unless it is to thee ; my lonely hours
 Are spent in shaping forth our future lives,
 After my own romantic fantasies.
 Thou art the star round which my thoughts re-
 volve
 Like satellites.

CHARLES SWAIN.

WHAT need of words when lovers meet ?
 What need of sighs and glances sweet,
 As long as faithful hearts can beat ?

Song.

A HEART FOR EVERY ONE.

O H, there 's a heart for every one,
 If every one could find it ;
 Then up and seek, ere youth is gone,
 Whate'er the toil, ne'er mind it ;

For if you chance to meet at last
With that one heart, intended
To be a blessing unsurpassed,
Till life itself is ended,
How would you prize the labor done,
How grieve if you resigned it ;
For there 's a heart for every one,
If every one could find it !

Two hearts are made, the angels say,
To suit each other dearly ;
But each one takes a different way,—
A way not found so clearly !
Yet though we seek, and seek for years,
The pains are worth the taking,
For what the life of home endears
Like hearts of angel's making ?
Then haste, and guard the treasure now
When fondly you 've enshrined it
For there 's a heart for every one,
If every one could find it.

I WAITED TILL THE TWILIGHT.

I WAITED till the twilight,
And yet he did not come ;
I strayed along the brookside,
And slowly wandered home ;

When who should come behind me,
But him I would have chid ;
He said he came to find me—
Do you really think he did ?

He said since last we parted,
He 'd thought of naught so sweet,
As of this very moment,—
The moment we should meet.
He showed me where, half-shaded,
A cottage home lay hid ;
He said for me he 'd made it—
Do you really think he did ?

He said when first he saw me,
Life seemed at once divine,
Each night he dreamed of angels,
And every face was mine ;
Sometimes, a voice in sleeping,
Would all his hopes forbid ;
And then he 'd waken weeping—
Do you really think he did ?

A WISH.

HER lips like rose and rose-bud meet,
Close-shut at eve, and folded sweet ;
The dew may gain that soft retreat,
And enter in unheeded ;
Oh ! happy dew, might I do this,
Thus trembling win that home of bliss,
Thus lose existence in a kiss—
I 'd care not how time speeded.

Her hair—one curl had left the rest,
And hung as lightly o'er her breast,
As if her bosom it caressed,
And in its beauty prided ;
Oh ! happy curl, such charms to press,
To meet the breast that heaves to bless—
Would I might clasp such loveliness,
And touch that cheek unheeded !

EDWARD BULWER.

(LORD LYTTON.)

[N love there 's no such word as absence ;
 The loved one glides beside our steps forever ;
 Its presence gave such beauty to the world,
 That all things beautiful its tokens are,
 And aught in sound most sweet, to sight most
 fair,
 Breathes with its voice, and haunts us with its
 aspect.

The Rightful Heir.

INVOCATION TO LOVE.

HAIL, thou, the ever young, albeit of night
 And of primeval chaos eldest born ;
 Thou, at whose birth broke forth the Founts of
 Light,
 And o'er Creation flushed the earliest morn !
 Life, in thy life, suffused the conscious whole ;
 And formless matter took the harmonious soul.

Hail Love ! the Death-defier ! age to age
Linking, with flowers, in the still heart of man!
Dream to the Bard, and marvel to the Sage,
Glory and mystery since the world began.
Shadowing the cradle, brightening at the tomb,
Soft as our joys, and solemn as our doom !

Ghost-like amid the unfamiliar Past,
Dim shadows flit along the sands of Time ;
Vainly our learning trifles with the vast
Unknown of ages ! Like the wizard's rhyme
We call the dead, and from the Tartarus
'T is but the dead that rise to answer us !

Voiceless and wan, we question them in vain ;
They leave unsolved earth's mighty yesterday,
But wave thy wand—they bloom, they breathe
again !

The link is found !—as *we* love, so loved they !
Warm to our clasp our human brothers start,
Man smiles on man, and heart speaks out to
heart.

Arch power, of every power most dread, most
sweet,

Ope at thy touch the far celestial gates ;
Yet Terror flies with Joy, before thy feet,
And, with the Graces, glide unseen the Fates ;
Eos and Hesperus,—one, with twofold light,
Bringer of day, and herald of the night

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

INTO my heart a silent look
 Flashed from thy careless eyes ;
 And what before was shadow, took
 The light of summer skies.
 The first-born Love was in that look,
 The Venus rose from out the deep
 Of those inspiring eyes.

My life, like some lone solemn spot
 A spirit passes o'er,
 Grew instinct with a glory not
 In earth or heaven before,
 Sweet trouble stirred the haunted spot
 And shook the leaves of every thought
 Thy presence wandered o'er.

My being yearned, and crept to thine,
 As if in times of yore
 Thy soul had been a part of mine,
 Which claimed it back once more—
 Thy very self no longer thine,
 But merged in that delicious life
 Which made us one of yore !

There bloomed beside thee forms as fair,
There murmured tones as sweet,
But round thee breathed the enchanted air
'T was life and death to meet.
And henceforth thou alone wert fair,
And, though the stars had sung for joy,
Thy whisper only sweet !

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee ;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea !
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine.
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep—
Sweet spirit, meet me then !
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be at my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are,
 For daylight's common beam ;
 I can but know thee as my star,
 My angel, and my dream !
 When stars are in the quiet skies,
 Then most I pine for thee ;
 Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
 As stars look on the sea !

CAROLINE SHERIDAN NORTON.

O H, love, love well, but only once ! for never
 shall the dream
 Of youthfnl hope return again on life's dark
 rolling stream.

The One You Loved the Best.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king
 (Hurry !)
 That the love of his heart lay suffering,
 And pined for the comfort his voice would bring,
 (O, ride as though you were flying !)
 Better he loves each golden curl
 On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
 Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl :
 And his Rose of the Isles is dying !

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,
(Hurry !)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need,
(O, ride as though you were flying !)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank,
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank,
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst,
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one,
(Hurry !)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward
gone,
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying !
The king looked back at that faithful child,
Wan was the face that answering smiled ;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped, and only the king rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying !

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn :
(Silence !)
No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle portal stood grimly wide,
 None welcomed the king from that weary ride,
 For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
 The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
 Who had yearned for his voice while dying !

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
 Stood weary,
 The king returned from her chamber of rest
 The thick sobs choking in his breast,
 And that dumb companion eying ;
 The tears rushed forth which he strove to check,
 He bowed his head on the charger's neck —
 " O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
 Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
 To the halls where my love lay dying."

LOVE NOT.

LOVE not, love not ! ye hapless sons of clay !
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly
 flowers,—
 Things that are made to fade and fall away
 Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
 Love not !

Love not ! The thing ye love may change,
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,

The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not !

Love not ! The thing you love may die,—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth,
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not !

Love not ! O warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by !
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not !

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

L OVE that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget ?
Many suns arise and set,
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.
Even so.

Love is hurt with jar and fret.
 Love is made a vague regret.
 Eyes with idle tears are wet.
 Idle habit links us yet.
 What is love? for we forget:
 Ah! no, no!

Song.

STANZAS FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL."

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
 robin's breast;
 In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself
 another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the
 burnished dove;
 In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns
 to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than
 should be for one so young,
 And her eyes an all my motions with a mute
 observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak
 the truth to me,
 Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being
 sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color
and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the
northern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a
sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of
hazel eyes—

Saying, “ I have hid my feelings, fearing they
should do me wrong ” ;
Saying, “ Dost thou love me, cousin ? ” weeping,
“ I have loved thee long.”

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in
his glowing hands ;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
the chords with might ;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed
in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear
the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the
fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch
 the stately ships,
 And our spirits rushed together at the touching
 of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy,
 mine no more !
 O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren,
 barren shore !

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all
 songs have sung,
 Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a
 shrewish tongue !

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known
 me—to decline
 On a range of lower feelings and a narrower
 heart than mine !

Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level
 day by day,
 What is fine within thee growing coarse to sym-
 pathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated
 to a clown,
 And the grossness of his nature will have
 weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer
than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not
they are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his
hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is
overwrought;
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him
with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things
to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee
with my hand !

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the
heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a
last embrace.

FATIMA.

O LOVE, Love, Love ! O withering might !
 O sun, that from thy noonday height
 Shudderest when I strain my sight,
 Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light,
 Lo, falling from my constant mind,
 Lo, parched and withered, deaf and blind,
 I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours
 Below the city's eastern towers :
 I thirsted for the brooks, the showers :
 I rolled among the tender flowers :
 I crushed them on my breast, my mouth :
 I looked athwart the burning drouth
 Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his name,
 From my swift blood that went and came
 A thousand little shafts of flame
 Were shivered in my narrow frame.
 O Love, O fire ! once he drew
 With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
 My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Before he mounts the hill, I know
 He cometh quickly : from below

Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow
Before him, striking on my brow.

In my dry brain my spirit soon,
Down-deepening from swoon to swoon,
Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire,
And from beyond the noon a fire
Is poured upon the hills, and nigher,
The skies stoop down in their desire ;
And, isled in sudden seas of light,
My heart, pierced thro' with fierce delight,
Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,
All naked in a sultry sky,
Droops blinded with his shining eye :
I will possess him or will die.
I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasped in his embrace.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon ;
 All night has the casement jessamine stirred
 To the dancers dancing in tune :
 Till a hush fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily : "There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be gay.
 When will the dancers leave her alone ?
 She is weary of dance and play."
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day ;
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose : "The brief night goes,
 In babble and revel and wine.
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
 For one that will never be thine ?
 But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
 "For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall ;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the
wood,
Our wood that is dearer than all ;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me ;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
 She is coming, my life, my fate ;
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near" ;
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late" ;
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear" ;
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead ;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LOVE strikes one hour—LOVE ! those *never*
loved,
 Who dream that they loved ONCE.

Loved Once.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

THE face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh, still beside me, as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole
God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,
And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee
anear.

The names of country, heaven, are changed
away

For where thou art or shalt be, there or here ;
And this . . . this lute and song . . . loved
yesterday,
(The singing angels know) are only dear
Because thy name moves right in what they
say.

Beloved, my Beloved, when I think
That thou wast in the world a year ago,
What time I sat alone here in the snow
And saw no footprint, heard the silence sink
No moment at thy voice, . . . but, link by
link,

Went counting all my chains, as if that so
They never could fall off at any blow
Struck by thy possible hand . . . why, thus
I drink

Of life's great cup of wonder? Wonderful
Never to feel thee thrill the day 'or night
With personal act or speech—nor ever cull
Some prescience of thee with the blossoms
white

Thou sawest growing! Atheists are as dull
Who cannot guess God's presence out of sight.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forebore, . . .
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, he hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

A VALEDICTION.

God be with thee, my beloved—God be with thee !

Else alone thou goest forth,
Thy face unto the north,
Moor and pleasance all around thee and beneath
thee,

Looking equal in one snow ; . .
While I who try to reach thee,
Vainly follow, vainly follow.
With the farewell and the hollo,
And cannot reach thee so.

Alas, I can but teach thee !

God be with thee, my beloved—God be with thee.

Can I teach thee, my beloved—can I teach thee ?

If I said, “ Go left or right,”
The counsel would be light.

The wisdom, poor of all that could enrich thee,
My right would show like left ;
My raising would depress thee,
My choice of light would blind thee,
Of way, would leave behind thee,
Of end, would leave bereft.

Alas, I can but bless thee !

May God teach thee, my beloved—may God
teach thee !

Can I bless thee, my beloved—can I bless thee ?
 What blessing word can I
 From mine own tears keep dry ?
 What flowers grow in my field wherewith to
 dress thee ?
 My good reverts to ill ;
 My calmnesses would move thee,
 My softnesses would prick thee,
 My bindings up would break thee,
 My crownings, curse and kill.
 Alas, I can but love thee !
 May God bless thee, my beloved—may God
 bless thee.

Can I love thee, my beloved—can I love thee ?
 And is this like love to stand
 With no help in my hand,
 When strong as death I fain would watch above
 thee ?
 My love-kiss can deny
 No tear that falls beneath it ;
 Mine oath of love can swear thee
 From no ill that comes near thee—
 And thou diest while I breathe it.
 And I—I can but die !
 May God love thee, my beloved—may God love
 thee.

FROM "A WOMAN'S SHORTCOMINGS."

UNLESS you can think when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm ;
Unless you can feel, when left by One,
That all men else go with him ;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving,
Unless you can swear, " For life, for death ! "—
Oh, fear to call it loving !

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you ;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you ;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behooving and un behooving,
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving !

ROBERT BROWNING.

O H, to possess and be possessed !
Women and Roses.

SONG.

THE moth's kiss, first !
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up ; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now !
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

PASSAGES FROM "IN A BALCONY."

HAVE I done worthy work? be love's the
praise,
Though hampered by restrictions, barred against
By set forms, blinded by forced secracies.
Set free my love, and see what love will do
Shown in my life—what work will spring from
that!

The world is used to have its business done
On other grounds, find great effects produced
For power's sake, fame's sake, motives you
have named,
So good. But let my low ground shame their
high.

Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be
true!
And love 's the truth of mine. Time prove the
rest!

I choose to have you stamped all over me,
Your name upon my forehead and my breast,
You, from the sword's blade to the ribbon's
edge,

That men may see, all over, you in me—
That pale loves may die out of their pretence
In face of mine, shame thrown on love fall off—
Permit this, Constance! Love has been so long

Subdued in me, eating me through and through,
That now it 's all of me and must have way.

* * * * *

Oh, to live with a thousand beating hearts
Around you, swift eyes, serviceable hands,
Professing they 're no care but for your cause,
Thought but to help you, love but for yourself,
And you the marble statue all the time
They praise and point at as preferred to life,
Yet leave for the first breathing woman's cheek,
First dancer's, gypsy's, or street baladine's !
Why, how I have ground my teeth to hear men's
speech
Stifled for fear it should alarm my ear,
Their gait subdued lest step should startle me,
Their eyes declined, such queendom to respect,
Their hands alert, such treasure to preserve,
While not a man of them broke rank and spoke,
Or wrote me a vulgar letter all of love,
Or caught my hand and pressed it like a hand !
There have been moments, if the sentinel,
Lowering his halbert to salute the queen,
Had flung it brutally and clasped my knees,
I would have stooped and kissed him with my
soul.

IN THREE DAYS.

SO I shall see her in three days
And just one night, but nights are short ;
Then two long hours, and that is morn.
See how I come, unchanged, unworn !
Feel where my life broke off from thine
How fresh the splinters keep and fine,—
Only a touch and we combine !

Too long, this time of year, the days,
But nights, at least, the nights are short.
As night shows where her one moon is,
A hand's breadth of pure light and bliss,
So life's night gives my lady birth
And my eyes hold her ! What is worth
The rest of heaven, the rest of earth ?

O loaded curls, release your store
Of warmth and scent, as once before
The tingling hair did, lights and darks
Out breaking into fairy sparks,
When under curl and curl I pried
After the warmth and scent inside.
Through lights and darks how manifold—
The dark inspired, the light controlled !
As early Art embrowns the gold.

What great fear, should one say, “ Three days
That change the world might change as well

Your fortune ; and if joy delays,
 Be happy that no worse befell ! ”
 What small fear, if another says,
 “ Three days and one short night beside
 May throw no shadow on your ways.”
 But years must turn with change untried,
 With chance not easily defied,
 With an end somewhere undescribed.”
 No fear ! —or if a fear be born
 This minute, it dies out in scorn.
 Fear ? I shall see her in three days
 And one night, now the nights are short,
 Then just two hours and that is morn.

PASSAGE FROM “ THE INN ALBUM.”

NO T love ! Ah, dead love ! I invoke thy ghost
 To show the murderer where thy heart poured life
 At summons of the stroke he doubts was dealt
 On pasteboard and pretence ! *Not* love, my love !
 I changed for you the very laws of life :
 Made you the standard of all right, all fair,
 No genius but you could have been, no sage,
 No sufferer—which is grandest—for the truth !
 My hero—where the heroic only hid
 To burst from hiding, brighten earth one day !
 Age and decline were man’s maturity ;

Face, form were nature's type ; more grace, more strength,

What had they been but just superfluous gauds,
Lawless divergence ? I had danced the day
On tiptoe at the music of a word,

Have wondered where was darkness gone as night

Burst out in stars, at brilliance of a smile !

Lonely, I placed the chair to help me seat
Your fancied presence ; in companionship,

I kept my finger constant to your glove

Glued to my breast ; then—where was all the world ?

I schemed—not dreamed—how I might die
some death

To save your finger aching ! Who creates,

Destroys, he only ; I had laughed to scorn

Whatever angel tried to shake my faith

And make you seem unworthy ; you yourself
Only could do that ! With a touch 't was done.

"Give me all, trust me wholly!" At the word,

I did give, I did trust—and thereupon

The touch did follow. Ah, the quiet smile,

The masterfully folded arm in arm,

As trick obtained its triumph one time more !

In turn, my soul too triumphs in defeat.

Treason like faith moves mountains. Love is
gone !

THERE 'S A WOMAN LIKE A DEWDROP.

THERE 's a woman like a dewdrop—she 's
 so purer than the purest ;
 And her noble heart 's the noblest—yes, and
 her sure faith 's the surest ;
 And her eyes are dark and humid, like the
 depth on depth of lustre
 Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier
 than the wild-grape cluster,
 Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's
 rose-tinted marble ;
 Then her voice's music—call it the well's bub-
 bling, the bird's warble !

And this woman says : “ My days were sunless
 and my nights were moonless,
 Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the
 lark's heart's outbreak tuneless,
 If you loved me not ! ” And I who (ah for words
 of flame) adore her,
 Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably
 before her,—
 I may enter at her portal soon, as now her lat-
 tice takes me,
 And by noontide as by midnight make her
 mine, as hers she makes me !

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

TRUE love is ever tragic, grievous, grave.

Festus.

PASSAGES FROM "FESTUS."

A SK not of me, love, what is love !
Ask what is good of God above ;
Ask of the great sun what is light ;
Ask what is darkness of the night ;
Ask sin of what may be forgiven ;
Ask what is happiness of heaven ;
Ask what is folly of the crowd ;
Ask what is fashion of the shroud ;
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss ;
Ask of thyself what beauty is ;
And if they each should answer, I !
Let me, too, join them with a sigh.
Oh ! let me pray my life may prove
When thus, with thee, that I am love.

Spite of morality or of mystery, love
It is, which mostly destinates our life.
What makes the world in after life I know not ;
For our horizon alters as we age :

Power only can make up for the lack of love ;
 Power of some sort. The mind at one time
 grows

So fast, it fails ; and then its stretch is more
 Than its strength ; but, as it opes, love fills it
 up,

Like to the stamen in the flower of life,
 Till for the time we wellnigh grow all love ;
 And soon we feel the want of one kind heart
 To love what 's well, and to forgive what 's ill,
 In us,—that heart we play for at all risks.

She did but look upon him, and his blood
 Pulsed stronglier from his heart her gaze to
 meet ;

For at each glance of those sweet eyes, a soul
 Looked forth as from the azure gates of heaven ;
 She laid her finger on him, and he felt
 As might a formless mass of marble feel,
 While feature after feature of a god
 Was being wrought from out of it.

What the stars are to the night, my love,
 What its pearls are to the sea,
 What the dew is to the day, my love,
 Thy beauty is to me.

Who ever paused on passion's fiery wheel ?
 Or trembling by the side of her he loved,

Whose lightest touch brings rapture, e'er
stopped short
His eloquent speech, to reckon up his pulse.

If love be blind, it must be by his tears,
For love and sorrow alway come together.

All hours not spent with thee are blanks be-
tween stars.

MARIAN C. EVANS LEWES.

"GEORGE ELIOT".

LOVE was made
Stronger than bonds, and where they press
Must break them.

The Spanish Gypsy.

PASSAGES FROM "THE SPANISH GYPSY."

I OFTEN rue the hours I lose in sleep :
It is a bliss too brief, only to see
This glorious world, to hear the voice of love,
To feel the touch, the breath of tenderness,
And then to rest as from a spectacle.
I need the curtained stillness of the night

To live through all my happy hours again
 With more selection,—call them quite away
 From blemished moments. Then in loneliness
 The face that bent before me in the day
 Rises in its own light, more vivid seems
 Painted upon the dark, and ceaseless glows
 With sweet solemnity of gazing love,
 Till like the heavenly blue it seems to grow
 Nearer, more kindred, and more cherishing,
 Mingling with all my being. Then the words,
 The tender, low-toned words, come back again,
 With repetition welcome as the chime
 Of softly hurrying brooks,—“ My only love,—
 My love while life shall last,—my own Fe-
 dalma ! ”

O, it is mine,—the joy that once has been !
 Poor eager hope is but a stammerer,
 Must listen dumbly to great memory,
 Who makes our bliss the sweeter by her telling.

* * * * *

But soon this inward strife the slow-paced hours
 Slackened ; and the soul sank with hunger-
 pangs,

Hunger of love. Debate was swept right down
 By certainty of loss intolerable.

A little loss ! only a dark-tressed maid
 Who had no heritage save her beauteous being !
 But in the candor of her virgin eyes
 Saying, I love ; and in the mystic charm

Of her dear presence, Silva found a heaven
Where faith and hope were drowned as stars in
day.

Fedalma there, each momentary Now
Seemed a whole blest existence, a full cup
That, flowing over, asked no pouring hand
From past to future. All the world was hers.
Splendor was but the herald trumpet note
Of her imperial coming : penury
Vanished before her as before a gem
The pledge of treasures. Fedalma there,
He thought all loveliness was lovelier,
She crowning it ; all goodness credible,
Because of the great trust her goodness bred.
For the strong current of that passionate love
Which urged his life tow'rsds hers, like urgent
floods

That hurry through the various-mingled earth,
Carried within its stream all qualities
Of what it penetrated, and made love
Only another name, as Silva was,
For the whole man that breathed within his
frame.

And she was gone.

* * * * *

Don Silva.

No, I can never take those hands in mine,
Then let them go forever !

Fedalma.

It must be.

We may not make this world a paradise
 By walking it together hand in hand,
 With eyes that meeting feed a double strength,
 We must be only joined by pains divine
 Of spirits blent in mutual memories.
 Silva, our joy is dead.

Don Silva.

But love still lives,
 And has a safer guard in wretchedness.
 Fedalma, women know no perfect love :
 Loving the strong, they can forsake the strong ;
 Man clings because the being whom he loves
 Is weak and needs him. I can never turn
 And leave you to your difficult wandering ;
 Know that you tread the desert, bear the storm,
 Shed tears, see terrors, faint with weariness,
 Yet live away from you. I should feel naught
 But your imagined pains ; in my own steps
 See your feet bleeding, taste your silent tears,
 And feel no presence but your loneliness.
 No, I will never leave you.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

SHE laughed—she climbed the giddy height,
I held that climber small ;
I even held her rather tight,
For fear that she should fall.
A dozen girls were chirping round,
Like five and twenty linnets,—
I must have held her, I 'll be bound,
Some five and twenty minutes.

A NICE CORRESPONDENT.

THE glow and the glory are plighted,
To darkness for evening is come,
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
I 'm alone at my casement, for Pappy
Is summoned to dinner at Kew,
I 'm alone, my dear Fred, but I 'm happy—
I 'm thinking of you.

I wish you were here. Were I duller
Than dull, you 'd be dearer than dear ;
I am dressed in your favorite color.
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here !

I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
 The necklace you fastened askew ;
 Was there ever so rude or so reckless
 A darling as you ?

I want you to come and pass sentence
 On two or three books with a plot ;
 Of course you know "Janet's Repentance,"
 I 'm reading Sir Waverly Scott,
 The story of Edgar and Lucy,
 How thrilling, romantic, and true ;
 The Master (his bride was a goosy !)
 Reminds me of you.

To-day in my ride I 've been crowning
 The beacon ; its magic still lures,
 For up there you discoursed about Browning,
 That stupid old Browning of yours.
 His vogue and his verve are alarming,
 I 'm anxious to give him his due,
 But, Fred, he 's not nearly so charming
 A poet as you.

I heard how you shot at the Beeches,
 I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
 I have read the report of your speeches,
 And echoed the echoing cheer.
 There 's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
 I envy their owners, I do !

Small marvel that Fortune is making
Her idol of you.

Alas for the world and its dearly
 Bought triumph and fugitive bliss !
Sometimes I half wish I were merely
 A plain or a penniless miss ;
But, perhaps, one is best with a measure
 Of self, and I 'm not sorry, too,
That I 'm pretty, because it 's a pleasure,
 My dearest, to you.

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
 Your taste is for letters and art,
This rhyme is the commonplace passion
 That glows in a fond woman's heart.
Lay it by in a dainty deposit
 For relics, we all have a few !
Love, some day they 'll print it, because it
 Was written to you.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I CAME ! I saw thee rise !—the blood
 Poured flushing to thy languid cheek.
Locked in each other's arms we stood,
 In tears, with hearts too full to speak.

A Farewell.

ABSENCE.

IN this fair stranger's eyes of gray
 Thine eye, my love ! I see.
 I shiver ; for the passing day
 Had borne me far from thee.

This is the curse of life ! that not
 A nobler, calmer train
 Of wiser thoughts and feelings blot
 Our passions from our brain ;

But each day brings its petty dust
 Our soon-choked souls to fill,
 And we forget because we must
 And not because we will.

TOO LATE.

EACH on his own strict line we move
 And some find death ere they find love ;
 So far apart their lives are thrown
 From the twin soul that halves their own.
 And sometimes, by still harder fate,
 The lovers meet, but meet too late.
 —Thy heart is mine !—true, true ! ah, true !
 —Then, love, thy hand !—ah, no ! Adieu !

GEORGE MACDONALD.

O MY love 's like a white, white rose !

Song.

O LASSIE AYONT THE HILL.

O LASSIE ayont the hill !

Come owre the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
For I want ye sair the nicht,
I 'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I 'm tired and sick o' mysel',
A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht—
O lassie come owre the hill !

Gin a body could be a thocht o' grace,
And no a sel' ava !

I 'm sick o' my heid, and my han's, and my face,
An' my thochts and mysel' and a' ;
I 'm sick o' the warl' and a' ;
The licht gangs by wi' a hiss ;
For thro' my een the sunbeams fa',
But my weary heart they miss.

O lassie ayont the hill !

Come owre the tap o' the hill,

Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
Bidena ayont the hill,

For gin ance I saw yer bonnie heid,
And the sunlight o' yer hair,
The ghaist o' mysel' wad fa' down deid,
I wad be mysel' nae mair,
I wad be mysel' nae mair.
Filled o' the sole remeid ;
Slain by the arrows o' licht frae yer hair,
Killed by your body and heid.
O lassie ayont the hill !
Come owre the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
Bidena ayont the hill.

But gin ye lo'ed me ever sae sma',
For the sake o' my bonnie dame,
Whan I cam' to life, as she gaed awa',
I could bide my body and name,
I nicht bide by mysel' the weary same ;
Aye setting up its heid,
Till I turn frae the claes that cover my frame,
As gin they war roun' the deid.
O lassie ayont the hill,
Come owre the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
Bidena ayont the hill.

But gin ye lo'ed me as I lo'e you,
I wad ring my ain deid' knell ;
Mysel' wad vanish, shot through and through,
Wi' the shine o' yer sunny sel'
By th' licht aneath yer broo,
I wad dee to mysel', and ring my bell,
And only live in you.

O lassie ayont the hill !
Come owre the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
For I want ye sair the nicht,
I 'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I 'm tired and sick o' mysel',
A body's sel 's the sairest weicht—
O lassie, come owre the hill.

SONG.

EYES of beauty, eyes of light,
Sweetly, softly, sadly bright !
Draw not, ever, o'er my eye,
Radiant mists of ecstasy.

Be not proud, O glorious orbs !
Not your mystery absorbs ;
But the starry soul that lies
Looking through your night of eyes.

One moment be less perfect, sweet ;
 Sin once in something small ;
 One fault to lift me on my feet
 From love's too perfect thrall !

For now I have no soul ; a sea
 Fills up my caverned brain,
 Heaving in silent waves to thee,
 The mistress of that main.

O angel ! take my hand in thine ;
 Unfold thy shining silver wings ;
 Spread them around thy face and mine,
 Close curtained in their murmurings.

But I should faint with too much bliss
 To be alone in space with thee ;
 Except, O dread ! one angel-kiss
 In sweetest death should set me free.

O beauteous devil ! tempt me, tempt me on,
 Till thou hast won my soul in sighs ;
 I 'll smile with thee upon thy flaming throne,
 If thou wilt keep those eyes.

And if the moanings of untold desires
 Should charm thy pain of one faint sting ;
 I will arise amid the scorching fires,
 I will arise and sing.

O what is God to me ? He sits apart
Amidst the clear stars, passionless and cold.
Divine ! thou art enough to fill my heart ;
O fold me in thy heaven, sweet love, enfold.

LOVE ME, BELOVED.

LOVE me, beloved ; the thick clouds lower ;
A sleepiness filleth the earth and air ;
The rain hath been falling for many an hour ;
A weary look the summer doth wear ;
Beautiful things that cannot be so,
Loveliness clad in the garments of woe.

Love me, beloved ; I hear the birds ;
The clouds are lighter ; I see the blue :
The wind in the leaves is like gentle words
Quietly passing 'twixt me and you ;
The evening air will bathe the buds
With the soothing coolness of summer floods.

Love me, beloved ; for, many a day,
Will the mist of the morning pass away ;
Many a day will the brightness of noon
Lead to a night that had lost her moon ;
And in joy or in sadness, in autumn or spring,
Thy love to my soul is a needful thing.

Love me, beloved ; for thou mayst lie
 Dead in my sight, 'neath the same blue sky ;
 Love me, O love me, and let me know
 The love that within thee moves to and fro ;
 That many a form of thy love may be
 Gathered around thy memory.

Love me, beloved ; for I may lie
 Dead in thy sight, 'neath the same blue sky,
 The more thou hast loved me, the less thy pain,
 The stronger thy hope till we meet again ;
 And forth on the pathway we do not know,
 With a load of love, my soul would go.

Love me, beloved ; for one must lie
 Motionless, lifeless, beneath the sky ;
 The pale stiff lips return no kiss
 To the lips that never brought love amiss,
 And the dark brown earth be heaped above
 The head that lay on the bosom of love.

Love me, beloved ; for both must lie
 Under the earth and beneath the sky ;
 The world be the same when we are gone ;
 The leaves and the waters all sound on ;
 The spring come forth, and the wild flowers
 live,
 Gifts for the poor man's love to give ;
 The sea, 't he lordly, the gentle sea,

Tell the same tales to others than thee ;
And joys that flush with an inward morn,
Irradiate hearts that are yet unborn ;
A youthful race call our earth their own,
And gaze on its wonders from thought's high
throne ;

Embraced by fair Nature, the youth will em-
brace

The maid beside him, his queen of the race ;
When thou and I shall have passed away
Like the foam-flake thou lookest on yesterday.

Love me, beloved ; for both must tread
On the threshold of Hades, the house of the
dead ;

Where now but in thinkings strange we roam,
We shall live and think, and shal be at home ;
The sights and sounds of the spirit land
No stranger to us than the white sea-sand,
Than the voice of the waves, and the eye of the
moon,

Than the crowded street in the sunlit noon.
I pray thee to love me, belov'd of my heart ,
If we love not truly, at death we part ;
And how would it be with our souls to find
That love, like a body, was left behind !

Love me, beloved ; Hades and Death
Shall vanish away like a frosty breath ;

These hands, that now are at home in thine,
 Shall clasp thee again, if thou still art mine,
 And thou shalt be mine, my spirit's bride,
 In the ceaseless flow of eternity's tide,
 If the truest love that thy heart can know
 Meet the truest love that from mine can flow.
 Pray God, beloved, for thee and me,
 That our souls may be wedded eternally.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

TRUST no prayer nor promise ;
 Words are grains of sand :
 To keep your heart unbroken,
 Hold it in your hand.

A Warning.

HEARTS.

A TRINKET made like a heart, dear,
 Of red gold, bright and fine,
 Was given to me for a keepsake,
 Given to me for mine.

And another heart, warm and tender,
 As true as a heart could be ;

And every throb that stirred it
Was always and all for me.

Sailing over the waters,
Watching the far blue land,
I dropped my golden heart, dear,
Dropt it out of my hand !

It lies in the cold, blue waters,
Fathoms and fathoms deep,
The golden heart which I promised,
Promised to prize and keep.

Gazing at life's bright visions,
So false, and fair, and new,
I forgot the other heart, dear.
Forgot it and lost it too !

I might seek that heart forever,
I might seek and seek in vain,—
And for one short, careless hour,
I pay with a life of pain.

KING AND SLAVE.

IF in my soul, dear,
An omen should dwell,
Bidding me pause, ere
I love thee too well ;

If the whole circle
 Of noble and wise,
 With stern forebodings,
 Between us should rise ;—

I will tell *them*, dear,
 That Love reigns—A King,
 Where storms cannot reach him,
 And words cannot sting ;
 He counts it dishonor
 His faith to recall ;
 He trusts ;—and forever.
 He gives—and gives all !

I will tell *thee*, dear,
 That Love is—a Slave,
 Who dreads thought of freedom,
 As life dreads the grave ;
 And if doubt or peril
 Of change there may be,
 Such fear would but drive him
 Still nearer to thee !

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

WE let the neighbors talk their fill,
For life is sweet, and love is strong,
And two, close knit in marriage ties,
The whole world's shams may well despise,—
Its folly, madness, shame, and wrong.

A "Mercenary" Marriage.

MINE.

O HOW my heart is beating as her name I
keep repeating,
And I drink in joy like wine ;
O how my heart is beating as her name I keep
repeating,
For the lovely girl is mine !
She 's rich, she 's fair, beyond compare,
Of noble mind, serene and kind,—
And how my heart is beating as her name I
keep repeating,
For the lovely girl is mine !

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep
repeating,
In a music soft and fine ;

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,
 For the girl I love is mine.
 She owns no lands, has no white hands,
 Her lot is poor, her life obscure ;—
 Yet how my heart is beating as her name I
 keep repeating,
 For the girl I love is mine !

JESSIE.

THE little white moon goes climbing
 Over the dusky cloud,
 Kissing its rugged fringes,
 With a love-light, pale as a shroud—
 Where walks this moon to-night, Jessie ?
 Over the waters bright, Jessie ?
 Does she smile on your face as you lift it,
 proud ?
 Let her look on thee—look on thee, Jessie !
 For I shall look never more !

One steady white star stands watching
 Ever beside the moon ;
 Hid by the mists that veil her,
 And hid by her light's mid-noon ;
 Yet the star follows all heaven through, Jessie,
 As my soul follows after you, Jessie,
 At moon-rise and moon-set, late and soon ;

Let it watch thee, watch thee, Jessie,
For I shall watch never more !

The purple-black vault folds softly
Over far sea, far land ;
The thunder-clouds, swept down eastward,
Like a chain of mountains stand.
Under this July sky, Jessie,
Do you hear waves lapping by, Jessie ?
Do you walk with the hills on either hand ?
Farewell, oh, farewell, my Jessie,
Farewell for ever more !

PASSION PAST.

WERE I a boy, with a boy's heart-beat,
At glimpse of her passing adown the
street,
Of a room where she had entered and gone,
Or a page her hand had written on,—
Would all be with me as it was before ?
O no, never ! no, no, never !
Never any more.

Were I a man, with a man's pulse-throb,
Breath hard and fierce, held down like a sob,
Dumb, yet hearing *her* lightest word,
Blind, until only *her* garment stirred :
Would I pour my life like wine on her floor ?
No, no, never : never, never !
Never any more.

Gray and withered, wrinkled and marred,
I have gone through the fire and come out un-
scarred,

With the image of manhood upon me yet,
No shame to remember, no wish to forget :
But could she rekindle the pangs I bore ?—
O no, never ! thank God, never !

Never any more.

Old and wrinkled, withered and gray,—
And yet if her light step passed to-day,
I should see her face all faces among,
And say,—“Heaven love thee, whom I loved
long !

Thou hast lost the key of my heart's door,
Lost it ever, and forever,
Ay, for ever more.”

PLIGHTED.

MINE to the core of the heart, my beauty !
Mine, all mine, and for love, not duty :
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake—as mine to thee.

Duty 's a slave that keeps the keys,
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Just as he please—just as he please.

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,
 To the silken foot that 's scarce beholding ;
 Give to a few friends hand or smile,
 Like a generous lady, now and awhile,
 But the sanctuary heart, that none dare win, •
 Keep holiest of holiest evermore ;
 The crowd in the aisle may watch the door,
 The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own, without doubts or terrors,
 With all thy goodness, all thy errors,
 Unto me and to me alone revealed,
 "A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

Many may praise thee—praise mine as thine,
 Many may love thee—I 'll love them too ;
 But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,
 Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine.

Mine!—God, I thank Thee that Thou hast
 given
 Something all mine on this side heaven :
 Something as much myself to be
 As this my soul which I lift to Thee :
 Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
 Life of my life, whom Thou dost make
 Two to the world for the world's work's sake—
 But each unto each, as in Thy sight, *one*.

TOO LATE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas,
Douglas,

In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I 'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do ;—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not !
My eyes were blinded, your words were few,
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true ?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas ;
Not half worthy the like of you :
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew ;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

YOU touched my heart; it gave a thrill
 Just like a rose
That opens at a lady's will;
Its bloom is always yours, until
 You bid it close.

A Conceit.

SNOW AND SUN.

FAST falls the snow, O Lady mine!
Sprinkling the lawn with crystals fine:
But, by the Gods! we won't repine,
 While we're together;
We'll chat and rhyme and kiss and dine,
 Defying weather!

So stir the fire and pour the wine!
And let those sea-green eyes divine
Pour their love-madness into mine!
 I don't care whether
'T is snow or rain or sun or shine,
 If we're together.

ON WINDERMERE.

DROOP, droop, soft little eyelids !
 Droop down over eyes of weird wild blue
 Under the fringe of those tremulous shy lids
 Glances of love and of fun peep through.

Sing, sing, sweetest of maidens !
 Carol away with thy white little throat ;
 Echo awakes to the exquisite cadence,
 Here on the magical mere afloat.

Dream, dream, heart of my own love !
 Sweet is the wind from the odorous south—
 Sweet is the island we sail to alone, love—
 Sweet is a kiss from thy ruddy young mouth.

GERALD MASSEY.

I ONLY see—that thou art near,
 I only feel—I have thee, dear !
 I only hear thy throbbing heart,
 And know that we can never part.

Love in Idleness.

LOVE.

O LOVE ! Love ! Love !
Its glory smites our gloom,
And flower-like flush'd with life, the heart
Doth burgeon into bloom !
Sweet as the sunshine's golden kiss,
That crowns the world anew :
Sweet as in roses' hearts of bliss,
Soft, summer-dark, drops dew.

O Love ! Love ! Love !
May make the brave heart ache ;
Pulse out its lavish life and leave
It, mournfully to break !
. But O how exquisite it starts
The thoughts that bee-like cling,
To drain the honey from young hearts,
And brave a bleeding sting !

O Love ! Love ! Love !
Its very pain endears !
And every wail and weeping brings
Some blessing on our tears !
Love makes our darkest days, sweet dove,
In golden suns go down !
And still we 'll clothe our hearts with love,
And crown us with Love's crown.

THAT MERRY, MERRY MAY.

AH ! 't is like a tale of olden
 Time, long, long ago ;
 When the world was in its golden
 Prime, and Love was lord below !
 Every vein of Earth was dancing
 With the Spring's new wine !
 'T was the pleasant time of flowers,
 When I met you, love of mine !
 Ah ! some spirit sure was straying
 Out of heaven that day,
 When I met you, Sweet, a-Maying
 In that merry, merry May !

Little heart ! It shyly opened
 Its red leaves' love-lore,
 Like a rose that must be ripened
 To the dainty, dainty core,
 But its beauties daily brighten,
 And it blooms so dear,—
 Tho' a many Winters whiten,
 I go Maying all the year.
 And my proud heart will be praying
 Blessings on the day,
 When I met you, Sweet, a-Maying,
 In that merry, merry May.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

BETWEEN the hands, between the brows,
Between the lips of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born whose breath endows
My blood with fire to burn through me,
Who breathes upon my gazing eyes,
Who laughs and murmurs in mine ear,
At whose least touch my color flies,
And whom my life grows faint to hear.

Love Lily.

THE KISS.

WHAT smouldering senses in death's sick
delay,
Or seizure of malign vicissitude,
Can rob this body of honor, or denude
This soul of wedding-vestment worn to-day ?
For lo ! even now my lady's lips did play
With these my lips such consonant interlude
As laurelled Orpheus longed for when he
wooed
The half-drawn hungering face with that last
lay.

I was a child beneath her touch—a man
 When breast to breast we clung, even I and
 she,—
 A spirit when her spirit looked through me,—
 A god when all our life-breath met to fan
 Our life-blood, till love's emulous ardors ran
 Fire within fire, desire in deity.

SUPREME SURRENDER.

TO all the spirits of love that wander by
 Along the love-sown fallow field of sleep
 My lady lies apparent; and the deep
 Calls to the deep, and no man sees but I.
 The bliss so long afar, at length so nigh,
 Rests there attained. Methinks proud love
 must weep
 When Fate's control doth from his harvest
 reap
 The sacred hour for which the years did sigh.

First touched, the hand now warm around my
 neck
 Taught memory long to mock desire: and lo!
 Across my breast the abandoned hair doth flow,
 Where one shorn tress long stirred the longing
 ache:
 And next the heart that trembled for its sake
 Lies the queen-heart in sovereign overthrow.

A NEW YEAR'S BURDEN.

A LONG the grass sweet airs are blown
Our way this day in spring.
Of all the songs that we have known
Now which one shall we sing?
 Not that, my love, ah, no!—
 Not this, my love? why, so!
Yet both were ours, but hours will come and go.

The grove is all a pale frail mist,
The new year sucks the sun.
Of all the kisses we have kissed
Now which shall be the one?
 Not that, my love, ah, no!
 Not this, my love?—heigh-ho
For all the sweets that all the winds can blow.

The branches cross above our eyes,
The skies are in a net:
And what's the thing beneath the skies
We two would most forget?
 Not birth, my love, no, no,—
 Not death, my love, no, no,—
The love once ours, but ours long hours ago.

CHRISTINA GEORGIANA ROSSETTI.

SOMEWHERE or other there must surely be
 The face not seen, the voice not heard,
 The heart not yet—never yet—oh me !
 Made answer to my word.

Somewhere or Other.

A BIRTHDAY.

MY heart is like a singing bird,
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
 My heart is like an apple tree
 Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit,
 My heart is like a rainbow shell
 That paddles in a halcyon sea—
 My heart is gladder than all these,
 Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down,
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes,
 Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves, and silver fleurs-de-lys,

Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

MIRAGE.

THE hope I dreamed of was a dream,
Was but a dream ; and now I wake
Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,
For a dream's sake.

I hang my harp upon a tree,
A weeping willow in a lake ;
I hang my silenced harp there, wrung and
snapt,
For a dream's sake.

Lie still, lie still, my breaking heart ;
My silent heart, lie still and break ;
Life, and the world, and mine own self, are
changed,
For a dream's sake.

JEAN INGELOW.

AND yet I know, past all doubting, truly,
A knowledge greater than grief can dim,
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea, better—e'en better than I loved him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
 The awful river so dread to see,
 I say, " Thy breadth and thy depth forever
 Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to
 me."

Divided.

SONG OF MARGARET.

A Y, I saw her, we have met,—
 Married eyes how sweet they be,—
 Are you happier, Margaret,
 Than you might have been with me?
 Silence ! make no more ado !
 Did she think I should forget?
 Matters nothing, though I knew,
 Margaret, Margaret.

Once those eyes, full sweet, full shy,
 Told a certain thing to mine ;
 What they told me I put by,
 Oh, so careless of the sign.
 Such an easy thing to take,
 And I did not want it then ;
 Fool ! I wish my heart would break,
 Scorn is hard on hearts of men.

Scorn of self is bitter work,—
 Each of us has felt it now :

Bluest skies she counted mirk
Self-betrayed of eyes and brow ;
As for me, I went my way,
And a better man drew nigh,
Fain to earn, with long essay,
What the winner's hand threw by.

Matters not in deserts old,
What was born, and waxed, and yearned,
Year to year its meaning told,
I am come,—its deeps are learned,—
Come, but there is naught to say,—
Married eyes with mine have met.
Silence ! oh, I had my day,
Margaret, Margaret.

SONG.

WHEN sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north
And a scarlet sun doth rise.
Like a scarlet fleece the snowfield spreads,
And the icy founts run free,
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,
 And my love that loved me so !
 Is there never a chink in the world above
 Where they listen for words from below ?
 Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,
 I remember all that I said,
 And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more,
 Till the sea gives up her dead !

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
 To the Ice-fields and the snow ;
 Thou wert sad, for thy love did not avail,
 And the end I could not know ;
 How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
 Whom that day I held not dear ?
 How could I know I should love thee away
 When I did not love thee anear ?

We shall walk no more through the sodden
 plain
 With the faded bents o'erspread ;
 We shall stand no more by the seething main
 While the dark wrack drives o'erhead ;
 We shall part no more in the wind and the
 rain,
 Where thy last farewell was said ;
 But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee
 again
 When the sea gives up her dead.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

LOVE! Love! Old song that poets ever
chanteth,
Of which the listening world is never weary.
Soul is a moon, Love is its loveliest phase.

A Life Drama.

PASSAGES FROM "A LIFE DRAMA."

I KNOW a song, born in the heart of love,
Its sweetest sweet, steeped ere the close in
tears.

'T was sung into the cold ears of the stars
Beside the murmured margent of the sea.

'T is of two lovers, matched like cymbals fine,
Who in a moment of luxurious blood,
Their pale lips trembling in the kiss of gods,
Made their lives wine-cups, and then drank
them off,

And died with beings full-blown like a rose ;
A mighty heart-pant bore them like a wave,
And flung them, flowers, upon the next world's
strand.

* * * * *

Love lights upon the heart, and straight we
feel

More worlds of wealth gleam in an upturned
eye

Than in the rich heart of the miser sea.

Beauty hath made our greatest manhoods weak.
There have been men who chafed, leapt on their
times,

And reined them in as gallants rein their steeds
To curvetings, to show their sweep of limb ;
Yet love hath on their broad brows written
“fool.”

Sages, with passions held in leash like hounds,—
Grave Doctors, tilting with a lance of light
In lists of argument,—have knelt and sighed
Most plethoric sighs, and been but very men ;
Stern hearts, close barred against a wanton
world,

Have had their gates burst open by a kiss.

Why, there was one who might have topped all
men,

Who bartered joyously, for a single smile,
This empired planet with its load of crowns,
And thought himself enriched. If ye are fair,
Mankind will crowd around you, thick as when
The full-faced moon sits silver on the sea,
The eager waves lift up their gleaming heads ;
Each shouldering for her smile.

* * * * *

Gods ! I could out-Antony
Antony ! This moment I could scatter
Kingdoms like halfpence. I am drunk with
joy.

This is a royal hour—the top of life.
Henceforth my path slopes downward to the
grave—

All 's dross but love. That largest Son of
Time,

Who wandering singing through the listening
worlds

Will be as much forgot as the canoe
That crossed the bosom of a lonely lake

A thousand years ago. My Beautiful !

I would not give thy cheek for all his songs—
Thy kiss for all his fame. Why do you weep ?

To think that we, so happy now, must die.

That thought hangs like a cold and slimy snail
On the rich rose of love—shake it away—

Give me another kiss, and I will take

Death at a flying leap.

LOVE.

THE fierce exulting worlds, the motes in rays,
The churlish thistles, scented briars,
The wind-swept blue-bells on the sunny braes—
Down to the central fires,

Exist alike in love. Love is a sea,
 Filling all the abysses dim
Of lornest space, in whose deeps regally
 Suns and their bright broods swim.

This mighty sea of Love, with wondrous tides,
 So sternly just to sun and grain ;
'T is laving at this moment Saturn's sides,—
 'T is in my blood and brain.

All things have something more than barren
 use ;
There is a scent upon the brier,
A tremulous splendor in the autumn dews,
 Cold morns are fringed with fire ;

The clodded earth goes up in sweet-breathed
 flowers,
In music dies poor human speech,
And into beauty blows those hearts of ours,
 When Love is born in each.

Life is transfigured in the soft and tender
 Light of Love, as a volume dun
Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathèd splendor
 In the declining sun.

LORD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

"OWEN MEREDITH."

O BEING of beauty and bliss ! seen and known
In the deeps of my soul, and possessed
there alone !

My days know thee not ; and my lips name
thee never.

Thy place in my poor life is vacant forever.
We have met ; we have parted. No more is
recorded

In my annals on earth.

Lucile.

PASSAGES FROM "CLYTEMNESTRA."

O LOVE, be sure
Whate'er betide, whether for well or ill,
Thy fate and mine are bound up in one skein ;
Clotho must cut them both inseparable.
You dare not leave me—had you wings for flight!
You shall not leave me ! You are mine, indeed,
(As I am yours !) by my strong right of grief.

* * * * *

O Love, you dare not cease to love me now !
We have let the world go by us. We have
trusted

To ourselves only ; if we fail ourselves
What shall avail us now ?

* * * * *

My soul was blind, and all my life was dark,
And all my heart pined with some ignorant
want.

I moved about, a shadow in the house,
And felt unwedded though I was a wife ;
And all the men and women which I saw
Were but as pictures painted on a wall :
To me they had not either heart, or brain,
Or lips, or language,—pictures ! nothing more.
Then, suddenly, athwart those lonely hours
Which, day by day, dreamed listlessly away,
Led to the dark and melancholy tomb,
Thy presence passed and touched me with a
soul.

My life did but begin when I found thee.

STANZAS FROM "AFTER THE BALL."

WITH last night's music pealing
Youth's dirges in her ears,
With last night's lamps revealing,
In the charnels of old years,
The face of each dead feeling.

Ay, Madam, here alone
You may think till your heart is broken,
Of the love that is dead and done,
Of the days that, with no token,
Forevermore are gone.—

Weep if you can, beseech you !
There 's no one by to curb you :
Your child's cry cannot reach you ;
Your lord will not disturb you.
Weep ! . . . What can weeping teach you ?

Your tears are dead in you.
"What harm where all things change,"
You say, "if we change too ?
—The old still sunny grange !
Ah, that 's far off i' the dew,

"Were not those pleasant hours,
Ere I was what I am ?
My garden of fresh flowers !
My milk-white weanling lamb !
My bright laburnum bowers !

"The orchard walls so trim !
The redbreast in the thorn !
The twilight soft and dim !
The child's heart ! eve and morn,
So rich with thoughts of *him* !"

Hush ! your weanling lamb is dead :
Your garden trodden over.
They have broken the farm shed :
They have buried your first lover
With the grass above his head.

Has the Past, then, so much power,
 You dare not take from the shelf
 That book with the dry flower,
 Lest it make you hang yourself
 For being yourself for an hour ?

Why can't you let thought be
 For even a little while ?
 There's naught in memory
 Can bring you back the smile
 Those lips have lost. Just see,

Here what a costly gem
 To-night in your hair you wore—
 Pearls on a diamond stem :
 When sweet things are no more,
 Better not think of them.

Are you saved by pangs that pained you,
 Is there comfort in all it cost you,
 Before the world had gained you,
 Before that God had lost you,
 Or your soul had quite disdained you?

For your soul (and this is worst
 To bear as you well know)
 Has been watching you, from first,
 As sadly as God could do ;
 And yourself yourself have curst.

Talk of the flames of Hell !
 We fuel ourselves, I conceive,
 The fire the fiend lights. Well,
 Believe or disbelieve,
 We know more than we tell !

Surely you need repose !
 To-morrow again—the ball.
 And you must revive the rose
 In your cheek, to bloom for all.
 Not go? . . . Why the whole world goes.

To bed ! to bed ! 'T is sad
 To find that Fancy's wings
 Have lost the hues they had.
 In thinking of these things
 Some women have gone mad.

FROM "NÆNLE."

O WHERE are the nights, with thy touch
 and thy breath in them,
 Faint with heart-beating ?
 The fragrance, the darkness, the life and the
 death in them,—
 Parting and meeting ?
 All the world ours in that hour ! . . . O, the
 silence,
 The moonlight, and, far in it,

O, the one nightingale singing a mile hence !

The oped window—one star in it !

Sole witness of stolen sweet moments, unguest
of

By the world in its primness ;—

Just one smile to adore by the starlight ; the
rest of

Thy soul in the dimness !

If I glide through the door of thy chamber, and
sit there,

The old, faint, uncertain

Fragrance, that followed thee, surely will flit
there,—

O'er the chairs,—in the curtain :—

But thou? . . . O thou missed and thou
mourned one ! O never,

Nevermore shall we rove

Through chamber, or garden, or by the dark
river

Soft lamps burn above !

O dead, child, dead, dead—all the shrunken ro-
mance

Of the dream life begun with !

But thou, love, canst alter no more—smile or
glance,

Thy last change is done with.

As a moon that is sunken, a sunset that 's o'er,
So thy face keeps the semblance

Of the last look of love, the last grace that it
wore,

In my mourning remembrance.

As a strain from the last of thy songs, when we
parted,

Whose echoes thrill yet,

Through the long dreamless nights of sad years,
lonely-hearted,

With their haunting regret,—

Though nerveless the hand now, and shattered
the lute too,

Once vocal for me,

There floats through life's ruins, when all 's
dark and mute too,

The music of thee !

Beauty, how brief ! Life, how long ! . . . Well,
love 's done now !

Down the path fate arranged for me
I tread faster, because I must tread it alone
now.

—This is all that is changed for me.

My heart must have broken, ere I broke the
fetter

Thyself didst undo, love.

—Ah, there 's many a purer, and many a better,
But more loved,—O, how few, love !

EDWIN ARNOLD.

That love is false
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love.

The Light of Asia.

PASSAGES FROM "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

Love

Will cure these thin distempers ; weave the spell
Of woman's wiles about his idle heart.
What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,
Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of balm ?
Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows ;
The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains
A girl's hair lightly binds.

And all thought good,
But the king answered, " If we seek him wives,
Love chooseth oftentimes with another eye ;
And if we bid range beauty's garden round,
To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
And sweetly shun the joys he knows not of."
Then said another, " Roams the barasingh
Until the fated arrow flies ; for him,
As for less lordly spirits, some one charms,

Some face will seem a paradise, some form
Fairer than pale dawn when she wakes the
world.

* * * * *

"Ah, sweet!" he said, "such comfort that my
soul

Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,
And we shall both grow old, Yasodhara!
Loveless, unlovely, weak and old and bowed.
Nay, though we locked up love and life with
lips

So close that night and day our breaths grew
one,

Time would thrust in between to filch away
My passion and thy grace, as black night steals
The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to
gray

And are not seen to fade. This have I found,
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,
And all my heart is fixed to think how love
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, time,
Who makes men old."

* * * * *

Ah, thou mother of my babe!
Whose body mixed with mine for this fair hope,
When most my spirit wanders, ranging round
The lands and seas—as full of ruth for men
As the far-flying dove is full of ruth
For her twin nestlings—ever it has come

Home with glad wing and passionate plumes to
thee,

Who art the sweetness of my kind best seen,
The utmost of their good, the tenderest
Of all their tenderness, mine most of all.

* * * * *

Next there drew

Gallantly nigh a braver tempter, he,
Kama, the king of passions, who hath sway
Over the gods themselves, lord of all loves,
Ruler of pleasure's realm. Laughing he came
Unto the tree, bearing his bow of gold
Wreathed with red blooms, and arrows of desire
Pointed with five-tongued delicate flame which
stings

The heart it smites sharper than poisoned barb :
And round him came into that lonely place
Bands of bright shapes with heavenly eyes and
lips

Singing in lovely words the praise of love
To music of invisible sweet chords,
So witching, that it seemed the night stood still
To hear them, and the listening stars and moon
Paused in their orbits while these hymned to
Buddh

Of lost delights, and how a mortal man
Findeth naught dearer in the three wide worlds
Than are the yielded loving fragrant breasts
Of beauty and the rosy breast-blossoms,

Love's rubies ; nay, and toucheth naught more
high

Than is that dulcet harmony of form
Seen in the lines and charms of loveliness
Unspeakable, yet speaking, soul to soul,
Owned by the bounding blood, worshipped by
will

Which leaps to seize it, knowing this is best,
This the true heaven where mortals are like
gods,

Makers and masters, this the gift of gifts
Ever renewed and worth a thousand woes.
For who hath grieved when soft arms shut him
safe,

And all life melted to a happy sigh,
And all the world was given in one warm kiss ?

SONG.

NAY! if thou must depart, thou shalt depart;
But why so soon—oh, heart-blood of my
heart?

Go then ! Yet—going—turn and stay thy feet,
That I may once more see that face so sweet.

Once more—if never more ; for swift days go
As hastening waters from their fountains flow ;
And whether yet again shall meeting be
Who knows? Who knows? Ah! turn once
more to me !

DESTINY.

SOMEWHERE there waiteth in this world of ours

For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each choosing each through all the weary hours,

And meeting strangely at one sudden goal.
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers,

Into one beautiful and perfect whole ;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

NAY, what is this ? And wherefore lingerest thou ?

Why sayest thou the sky is hard as stone ?

Why sayest thou the thrushes sob and moan ?

Why sayest thou the east tears bloom and bough ?

Why seem the sons of man so hopeless now ?

Thy love is gone, poor wretch, thou art alone.

May Grown A Cold.

SONG.

FAIR is the night, and fair the day,

Now April is forgot of May,

Now into June May falls away :

Fair day ! fair night ! O give me back
The tide that all fair things did lack

Except my Love, except my Sweet !

Blow back, O wind ! thou art not kind,

Though thou are sweet : thou hast no mind
Her hair about my sweet to bind.

O flowery sward ! though thou art bright,
I praise thee not for thy delight,—

Thou hast not kissed her silver feet.

Thou know'st her not, O rustling tree !

What dost thou then to shadow me,
Whose shade her breast did never see ?

O flowers ! in vain ye bow adown :
Ye have not felt her odorous gown
Brush past your heads my lips to meet.

Flow on, great river ! thou mayst deem

That far away, a summer stream,
Thou saw'st her limbs amidst the gleam,
And kissed her foot, and kissed her knee :
Yet get thee swift unto the sea !

With naught of true thou wilt me greet.

And Thou that men call by my name !
 O helpless One ! hast thou no shame
 That thou must even look the same
 As while agone, as while agone
 When Thou and She were left alone,
 And hands and lips and tears did meet !

Grow weak and pine, lie down to die,
 O body ! in thy misery,
 Because short time and sweet goes by.
 O foolish heart ! how weak thou art :
 Break, break, because thou needs must part
 From thine own Love, from thine own Sweet.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

LIKE a wave is the love that babbles, but
 silent love loves evermore.

A Woman's Apology.

LOVE'S WISDOM.

NOW on the summit of Love's topmost peak
 Kiss me and part ; no farther can we go :
 And better death than we from high to low
 Should dwindle or decline from strong to weak.
 We have found all, there is no more to seek ;
 All have we proved, there is no more to know ;

And Time could only tutor us to eke
Out rapture's warmth with custom's afterglow.
We cannot keep at such a height as this;
And even straining souls like ours inhale
But once in life so rarefied a bliss.
What if we lingered till love's breath should
fail !
Heaven of my Earth ! one more celestial kiss,
Then down by separate pathways to the vale.

THE DREGS OF LOVE.

THINK you that I will drain the dregs of
Love,
I who have quaffed the sweetness on its brink ?
Now, by the steadfast burning stars above,
Better to faint of thirst than thuswise drink.
What ! shall we twain who saw love's glorious
fires
Flame toward the sky and flush Heaven's self
with light,
Crouch by the embers as the glow expires,
And huddle closer from mere dread of night ?
No ? cast Love's goblet in oblivion's well,
Scatter Love's ashes o'er the field of time !
Yet, ere we part, one kiss whereon to dwell
When life sounds senseless as some feeble
rhyme.
Lo ! as lips touch, anew Love's cresset glows,
And Love's sweet cup refills and overflows.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

O LOVE, my love, had you loved
but me!

The Triumph of Time.

STANZAS FROM THE "TRIUMPH OF TIME."

THERE will no man do for your sake, I think,
What I would have done for the least word
said.

I had wrung life dry for your lips to drink,
Broken it up for your daily bread ;
Body for body and blood for blood,
As the flow of the full sea risen to flood
That yearns and trembles before it sink,
I had given, and lain down for you, glad and
dead.

Yea, hope at highest and all her fruit,
And time at fullest and all his dower,
I had given you surely, and life to boot,
Were we once made one for a single hour.
But now, you are twain, you are cloven apart,
Flesh of his flesh, but heart of my heart ;
And deep in one is the bitter root,
And sweet for one is the lifelong flower.

To have died if you cared I should die for you,
 clung

To my life if you bade me, played my part
As it pleased you—these were the thoughts that
 stung,

The dreams that smote with a keener dart
Than shafts of love or arrows of death ;
These were but as fire is, dust, or breath,
Or poisonous foam on the tender tongue
 Of the little snakes that eat my heart.

I wish we were dead together to-day,
Lost sight of, hidden away out of sight,
Clasped and clothed in the cloven clay,
 Out of the world's way, out of the light,
Out of the ages of worldly weather,
Forgotten of all men altogether,
As the world's first dead, taken wholly away,
 Made one with death, filled full of the night.

How we should slumber, how we should sleep,
 Far in the dark with the dreams and the dews !
And dreaming, grow to each other, and weep,
 Laugh low, live softly, murmur and muse ;
Yea, and it may be, struck through by the
 dream,
Feel the dust quicken and quiver, and seem
Alive as of old to the lips, and leap
 Spirit to spirit as lovers use.

Sick dreams and sad of a dull delight ;
 For what shall it profit when men are dead
 To have dreamed, to have loved with the whole
 soul's might,
 To have looked for day when the night was
 fled ?

Let come what will, there is one thing worth,
 To have had fair love in the life upon earth :
 To have held love safe till the day grew night,
 While skies had color and lips were red.

Would I lose you now? would I take you then,
 If I lose you now that my heart has need?
 And come what may after death to men,
 What thing worth this will the dead years
 breed?

Lose life, lose all; but at least I know,
 O sweet life's love, having loved you so,
 Had I reached you on earth, I should lose not
 again,
 In death nor life, nor in dream or deed.

Yea, I know this well, were you once sealed
 mine,
 Mine in the blood's beat, mine in the breath,
 Mixed into me as honey in wine,
 Not time that sayeth and gainsayeth,
 Nor all strong things had severed us then;
 Not wrath of gods, nor wisdom of men,

Nor all things earthly, nor all divine.
Nor joy nor sorrow, nor life nor death.

I had grown pure as the dawn and the dew,
You had grown strong as the sun or the sea.
But none shall triumph a whole life through :
For death is one, and the fates are three.
At the door of life, by the gate of breath,
There are worse things waiting for men than
death ;
Death could not sever my soul and you,
As these have severed your soul from me.

You have chosen and clung to the chance they
sent you,
Life sweet as perfume and pure as prayer.
But will it not one day in heaven repent you ?
Will they solace you wholly, the days that
were ?
Will you lift up your eyes between sadness and
bliss,
Meet mine, and see where the great love is,
And tremble and turn and be changed ?
Content you ;
The gate is strait ; I shall not be there.

But you, had you chosen, had you stretched
hand,
Had you seen good such a thing were done,

I too might have stood with the souls that stand
 In the sun's sight, clothed with the light of the sun ;
 But who now on earth need care how I live ?
 Have the high gods any thing left to give,
 Save dust and laurels and gold and sand ?
 Which gifts are goodly, but I will none.

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf,
 Our lives would grow together
 In sad or singing weather,
 Blown fields or flowerful closes,
 Green pleasure or gray grief ;
 If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune,
 With double sound and single
 Delight our lips would mingle,
 With kisses glad as birds are
 That get sweet rain at noon ;
 If I were what the words are
 And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath ;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and Morrow
And laughs of maid and boy ;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day ;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,

We 'd hunt down love together,
 Pluck out his flying feather,
 And teach his feet a measure,
 And find his mouth a rein ;
 If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain.

RONDEL.

KISSING her hair I sat against her feet,
 Wove and unwove it, wound and found it
 sweet ;
 Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her
 eyes,
 Deep as deep flowers and dreamy like dim
 skies ;
 With her own tresses bound and found her fair,
 Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me,
 Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea ;
 What pain could get between my face and
 hers ?
 What new sweet thing would love not relish
 worse ?
 Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed me
 there,
 Kissing her hair ?

AUSTIN DOBSON.

ROSE kissed me to-day,
Will she kiss me to-morrow?
Let it be as it may,
Rose kissed me to-day.
But the pleasure gives way
To a savor of sorrow.
Rose kissed me to-day—
Will she kiss me to-morrow?

A Kiss.

THE WANDERER.

LOVE comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old, old Love we knew of yore !
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad and his bosom swelling

He makes as though in our arms repelling,
He fain would lie as he lay before ;—
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old, old Love we knew of yore !

Ah, who shall help us from overtelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore !
E'en as we doubt in our hearts once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.

THE MILKMAID.

A CROSS the grass I see her pass ;
 She comes with tripping pace,—
 A maid I know—and March winds blow
 Her hair across her face ;—
 With a hey, Dolly ! ho, Dolly !
 Dolly shall be mine,
 Before the spray is white with May,
 Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow. I watch her go :
 Her eye is brown and clear ;
 Her cheek is brown, and soft as down,
 (To those who see it near!)—
 With a hey, Dolly ! ho, Dolly !
 Dolly shall be mine,
 Before the spray is white with May,
 Or blooms the eglantine.

What has she not that those have got,—
 The dames that walk in silk !
 If she undo her 'kerchief blue
 Her neck is white as milk.
 With a hey, Dolly ! ho, Dolly !
 Dolly shall be mine,
 Before the spray is white with May,
 Or blooms the eglantine.

Let those who will be proud and chill !
For me from June to June,
My Dolly's words are sweet as curds—
Her laugh is like a tune.
With a hey, Dolly ! ho, Dolly !
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

Break, break to hear, O crocus-spear !
O tall Lent lilies' flame !
There 'll be a bride at Easter-tide,
And Dolly is her name.
With a hey, Dolly ! ho, Dolly !
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

LANGLEY LANE.

(N all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street ?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,

Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
 And up above, the still blue sky
 Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by,—
 I seem to be able to see it all.

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
 And sit outside in the sun, and hear
 The distant murmur of street and square,
 And the swallows and sparrows chirping
 near ;
 And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
 Comes running many a time each day,
 With her little hand's touch so warm and
 kind ;
 And I smile and talk, with the sun on my
 cheek,
 And the little live hand seems to stir and
 speak ;—
 For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
 Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear ;
 And I am older by summers three,—
 Why should we hold each other so dear ?
 Because she cannot utter a word,
 Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
 The water-cart's splash or the milkman's
 call !
 Because I never have seen the sky,

Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—
Yet know she is gazing upon them all !

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash ! splash ! down the dusty
row ;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine ;
And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,—
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine.

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me ?
Do I not know she is pretty and young ?
Hath not my soul an eye to see ?—
'T is pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around ;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind,—
I made it of music long ago :

Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined
 Round the pensive light of a brow of snow ;
 And when I sit by my little one,
 And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
 And hear the music that haunts the place,
 I know she is raising her eyes to me,
 And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
 And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a
 prayer,
 (I know the fancy is only vain,) I should pray, just once, when the weather is
 fair,
 To see little Fanny in Langley Lane :
 Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
 The voice of the friend she holds so dear,
 The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—
 It is better to be as we have been—
 Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
 To make God's heaven more strange and
 sweet !

Ah ! life is pleasant in Langley Lane !
 There is always something sweet to hear ;
 Chirping of birds or patter of rain,
 And Fanny, my little one, always near ;
 And though I am weakly and can't live long,
 And Fanny my darling is far from strong,

And though we never can married be,—
What then? since we hold each other so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?

SERENADE.

SLEEP sweet, belovèd one, sleep sweet!
Without here night is growing,
The dead leaf falls, the dark boughs meet,
And a chill wind is blowing.
Strange shapes are stirring in the night,
To the deep breezes wailing,
And slow, with wistful gleams of light,
The storm-tost moon is sailing.

Sleep sweet, belovèd one, sleep sweet!
Fold thy white hands, my blossom!
The warm limbs in thy lily sheet,
Thy hands upon thy bosom.
Though evil thoughts may walk the dark,
Not one shall near thy chamber;
But shapes divine shall pause to mark,
Singing to lutes of amber.

Sleep sweet, belovèd one, sleep sweet!
Though on thy bosom creeping,
Strange hands are laid to feel the beat
Of thy soft heart in sleeping.

The brother angels, Sleep and Death,
 Stoop by thy couch and eye thee ;
 And Sleep stoops down to drink thy breath,
 While Death goes slowly by thee !

JOHN PAYNE.

FADED LOVE.

FAREWELL, sweetheart ! Farewell, our golden days !

So runs the cadence, ringing out the tune
 Of sighs and kisses ; for the tale of June
 Is told, and all the length of flowered ways
 Fades in the distance, as the new life lays
 Its hands upon the strings, and all too soon
 Breaks the brief song of birds and flowers and
 moon

That held the Maytime—what is this that stays ?
 —A white-robed figure with sad eyes that hold
 A far-off dream of never-travelled ways,
 Wan with white lips and hands as pale and
 cold

As woven garlands of long vanished Mays,
 And the sun's memory halo like above
 Its head ?—It is the thought of faded Love.

ALOE-BLOSSOM.

LIFE stayed with me within a breach of days,
Sundered athwart the gray and rocky years :
Above, the day was dim to me for fears
And memories of the many-chasmed ways
Through which my feet had struggled. At
amaze,
Silent I stood and listened with rude ears,
As for the coming of some Fate that nears
At last across the moon-mist and the haze.
The haggard earth lay speechless at my feet ;
But as I waited, suddenly there came
Within me, as the flowering of a flame,
And like the mystic bud that bursts to meet
Its hundredth spring with thunders and ac-
claim,
Love flowered upon me, terrible and sweet.

ANDREW LANG.**BALLADE OF BLIND LOVE.**

WHO have loved and ceased to love, forget
That ever they loved in their lives, they
say ;
Only remember the fever and fret,
And the pain of love, that was all the pay ;

All the delight of him passes away
 From hearts that hoped, and from lips that
 met—

Too late did I love you, my love, and yet
 I shall never forget to my dying day.

Too late were we ware of the secret net
 That meshes the feet in the flowers that stray,
 There were we taken and snared, Lizette,
 In the dungeon of "*la fausse amistie*";
 Help was there none in the wide world's fray.
 Joy was there none in the gift and the debt;
 Too late we knew it, too long regret—
 I shall never forget to my dying day.

We must live our lives, though the sun be set,
 Must meet in the masque where parts we play,
 Must cross in the maze of life's minuet;
 Our yea is yea, and our nay is nay:
 But while snows of winter, flowers of May
 Are the sad year's shroud or coronet,
 In the season of rose or of violet,
 I shall never forget to my dying day.

Envoy.

Queen, when the clay is my coverlet,
 When I am dead, and when you are gray,
 Vow, when the grass of the grave is wet,
 "I shall never forget to my dying day!"

BALLADE OF AUTUMN.

WE built a castle in the air,
In summer weather you and I,
The wind and sun were in your hair,
Gold hair against a sapphire sky :
When autumn came, with leaves that fly
Before the storm, across the plain,
You fled from me with scarce a sigh :
My Love returns no more again !

The windy lights of autumn flare :
I watch the moonlit sails go by ;
I marvel how men toil and fare,
The weary business that they ply.
Their voyaging is vanity,
And fairy gold is all their gain,
And all the winds of winter cry,
“ My Love returns no more again ! ”

Here in my castle of Despair,
I sit alone with memory ;
The wind-fed wolf has left his lair,
To keep the outcast company.
The brooding owl, he hoots hard by,
The hare shall kindle on thy hearthstane,
The rhymer’s soothest prophecy :
My Love returns no more again !

Envoy.

Lady, my home until I die
 Is here, where youth and hope were slain :
 They flit, the ghosts of our July,
 My Love returns no more again !

EDMUND GOSSE.

FIRST SIGHT.

WHEN first we met the nether world was white,
 And on the steel-blue ice before her bower
 I skated in the sunrise for an hour,
 Till all the gray horizon, gulphed in light,
 Was red against the bare boughs black as night ;
 Then suddenly her sweet face like a flower,
 Enclosed in sables from the frost's dim power,
 Shone at her casement and flushed burning bright

When first we met.

My skating done, I hastened home,
 And sought that day to lose her face again,
 But love was weaving in his golden loom
 My story up with hers, and all in vain
 I strove to loose the threads he spun amain
 When first we met.

CUPIDO CRUCIFIXUS.

ONE Love there is all roseate-flushed and fair—

This is the Love that plucks the fruit of life ;
One Love there is with cypress round his hair,

The love that fought and fell in bitter strife :
Not that nor this the Shade that comes to-day

With tender hands to soothe my beating heart,—

But the third Love that gains and gives away,
And in renouncing holds the better part.

His eyes are very sweet, and bright with tears,
Like thine own eyes, my dearest, wet with love ;

He knows that I am weak and torn with fears,

Trembling to say too much or not enough,
He knows that on the verge of hope I stand,
With death and perilous life on either hand.

THÉOPHILE MARZIALS.

FROM "THE ROSE OF THE WORLD."

IS just one kiss, and a close, close clinging ;
And one runs glimmering up to the sky,
And one to her feet is winding and winging,
And falls in the fallen flowers to die.

Aheigh and alas ! for ever and aye,
 The love they loved is lost alway,
 And one is on earth and one is away,—
 Who knows or cares how far away ?

The Angel of Life at the rose-white feet
 Of the Angel of Death may sit ;
 Above in the tree of eternity sweet
 The cherubs flutter and chirp and flit ;
 And every star is a red-rose shoot,
 And God's great sun is the golden fruit,
 And the south is a blown bud nearer the foot,
 And the moon is a fallen flower at the root.

The Angel of Death is calm and fair,
 The Angel of Life, who loves her well,
 Shall twine a chaplet of stars in her hair.
 The earth is the sweetest to see and to smell,
 She 'll lay it, the while he woos, to her lip,
 The leaves to bite and the honey to sip,
 And far her trifling finger-tip
 I' the crimson core shall slide and slip.

Our loves are laid in the bed of that rose,
 A rose just made for her and me,—
 The leaves their languid locks unclose,
 And leave us bare to eternity.
 'T is just one kiss, and all is over—
 A lover falling and falling from lover,

And hell is below me and heaven above her,
Alack and a-day and love is all over.

The Angel of Life has closed his wings,
The Angel of Death is swathed inside,
A cherub a song of slumber sings,
And up to heaven her soul shall glide ;
And I am left, a-lack and a-day !
To waste in fire, and weep alway,
And have no hope for ever and aye—
Cycles beyond the judgment-day.

A TRAGEDY.

HE was only a woman, famished for loving,
Mad with devotion, and such slight things ;
And he was a very great musician,
And used to finger his fiddle-strings.

Her heart's sweet gamut is cracking and breaking
For a look, for a touch,—for such slight
things ;
But he 's such a very great musician
Grimacing and fing'ring his fiddle-strings.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.**A FAREWELL.**

HAUTH any loved you well down there,
Summer or winter through ?
Down there, have you found any fair
Laid in the grave with you ?
Is death's long kiss a richer bliss
Than mine was wont to be ?
Or have you gone to some far bliss
And quite forgotten me ?

What soft enamouring of sleep
Hath you in some soft way ?
What charmed death holdeth you with deep
Strange lure by night and day ?
A little space below the grass
Out of the sun and shade,
But worlds away from me, alas !
Down there where you are laid !

My bright hair's waved and wasted gold,
What is it now to thee
Whether the rose-red life I hold
Or white death holdeth me ?

Down there you love the grave's own green,
And ever more you rave
Of some sweet seraph you have seen,
Or dreamed of in the grave.

There you shall lie as you have lain
Though in the world above
Another live your life again,
Loving again your love ;
Is it not sweet beneath the palm ?
Is not the warm day rife
With some long mystic golden charm
Better than love and life ?

The broad quaint odorous leaves like hands,
Weaving the fair day through,
Weave sleep no burnished bird withstands,
While death weaves sleep for you ;
And many a strange rich breathing sound
Ravishes morn and noon ;
And in that place you must have found
Death a delicious swoon.

Hold me no longer for a word
I used to say or sing,
Ah ! long ago you must have heard
So many a sweeter thing :
For rich earth must have reached your heart,
And turned the faith to flowers ;

And warm wind stolen, part by part,
Your soul through faithless hours.

And many a soft seed must have sown
Soil of some yielding thought,
To bring a bloom up to the sun,
That else had ne'er been brought,
And doubtless many a passionate hue
Hath made that place more fair,
Making some passionate part of you
Faithless to me down there.

SONG.

HAS summer come without the rose,
Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee,
O world! or am I blind?
Will you change every flower that grows,
Or only change this spot,
Where she who said, "I love thee,"
Now says, "I love thee not"?

The skies seemed true above thee,
The rose upon the tree;
The bird seemed true the summer through,
But all proved false to me
World! is there one good thing in you,
Life, love, or death—or what?
Since lips that sang, "I love thee,"
Have said, "I love thee not"?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
 Into the flower's gold cup ;
 I think the bird will miss me,
 And give the summer up.
 O sweet place ! desolate in tall
 Wild grass, have I forgot
 How her lips loved to kiss me,
 Now that they kiss me not ?

Be false or fair above me,
 Come back with any face,
 Summer !—do I care what you do ?
 You could not change one place—
 The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
 The grave I make the spot—
 Here where she used to love me,
 Here where she loves me not.

SONG.

I MADE another garden, yea,
 For my new love ;
 I left the dead rose where it lay,
 And set the new above.
 Why did the summer not begin ?
 Why did I not make haste ?
 My old love came and walked therein,
 And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile,
 Just as of old ;
 She looked around a little while,
 And shivered at the cold.
 Her passing touch was death to all,
 Her passing look a blight ;
 She made the white rose-petals fall,
 She turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe, clinging to the grass,
 Seemed like a snake
 That bit the grass and ground, alas !
 And a sad trail did make.
 She went up slowly to the gate,
 And there just as of yore
 She turned back at the last to wait
 And say farewell once more.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

THE TWO BURDENS.

OVER the deep sea Love came flying,
 Over the salt sea Love came sighing—
 Alas ! O love, for thy journeying wings !
 Through turbid light and sound of thunder,
 When one wave lifts and one falls under,
 Love flew, as a bird flies, straight for warm
 Springs.

Love reached the Northland, and found his own,

With budding roses, and roses blown,
And wonderful lilies, he wove their wreath ;
His voice was sweet as a tune that wells,
Gathers and thunders, and throbs and swells,
And fails, and lapses in rapturous death.

His hands divided the tangled boughs ;
They sat and loved in a moist green house,
With bird-songs and sunbeams faltering through,
One note of wind to each least light leaf.
O Love ! those days they were sweet but brief—
Sweet as a rose is, and fleet as the dew.

Over the deep sea Death came flying,
Over the salt sea Death flew sighing.
Love heard from afar the rush of his wings,
Felt the blast of them over the sea,
And turned his face where the shadows be,
And wept for a sound of disastrous things.

Death reached the Northland, and claimed his own,
With pale sweet flowers, by wet winds blown,
He wove for the forehead of one a wreath ;
His voice was sad as the wind that sighs

Through cypress trees under rainy skies,
When the dead leaves drift on the path
beneath.

His hands divided the tangled boughs,
One lover he bore to a dark, deep house,
Where never a bridegroom may clasp his
bride—

A place of silence, and dust, and sleep,
What vigil there shall the loved one keep,
Or what cry of longing the lips divide?

AFTER.

A LITTLE time for laughter,
A little time to sing,
A little time to kiss and cling,
And no more kissing after.

A little while for scheming
Love's unperfected schemes ;
A little time for golden dreams,
Then no more any dreaming.

A little while 't was given
To me to have thy love ;
Now, like a ghost, alone I move
About a ruined heaven.

A little time for speaking
Things sweet to say and hear ;
A time to seek, and find thee near,
Then no more any seeking.

A little time for saying
Words the heart breaks to say,
A short sharp time wherein to pray,
Then no more need of praying.

But long, long years to weep in,
And comprehend the whole
Great grief that desolates the soul,
And eternity to sleep in.

TOO LATE.

LOVE has its morn, its noon, its eve, and night.
We never had the noontide, never knew
The deep, intense, illuminated blue
Of fervid, mid-day heavens, making bright
With princely liberality of light,
Waters the water-lily trembles through,
But in the evening's shadow did we two
Set out to gain Love's farthest, fairest height.
O love ! too late, too late for this we met ;
The goal was near, the nightfall nearer yet.

One star of memory lightens in our track,
 And all the rest is dark ; I will go back,
 Back to the paths we walked in, and there
 stay,
 Until I change them for the silent way.

NOT THOU BUT I.

I must have been for one of us, my own,
 To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread,
 Had not my tears upon thy face been shed
 Thy tears had dropped on mine ; if I alone
 Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
 My loneliness, and did my feet not tread
 This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
 For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made
 moan ;
 And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
 To think of thy eternity of sleep,
 To know thine eyes are tearless though mine
 weep :
 And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
 One thought shall still its primal sweetness
 keep—
 Thou hadst the peace and I the undying pain.

WAS IT FOR THIS?

WAS it for this we met three years ago ;
Took hands, spake low, sat side by side,
and heard
The sleeping trees beneath us touched and
stirred
By some mild twilight wind as soft as snow,
And with the sun's last kisses still aglow ?
Was it for this the end was so deferred ?
For this thy lips at length let through the
word
That saved my soul, as all Love's angels know ?
Was it for this, that sweet word being said,
We kissed and clung together in our bliss
And walked within Love's sunlight and Love's
shade ?
Was it for this—to dwell henceforth apart,
One housed with death, and one with beggared
heart ?
Nay, surely, love, it was for more than this.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

TWO.

TWO on a cliff, with the kiss of the sea
Filling their hearts, and their lips, and
their hair ;

Two without shelter of rock or of tree,
Facing pure peace, or the sands of despair !
But one in the soul that can lift them along ;
One in the spirit, and one in the touch ;
One in the melody, one in the song :
Who can wish more, or dare ask for as much ?

Two in a boat on the turn of the tide ;
Two in the sight of the leaf and the land ;
Two on the breast of the waves that are wide ;
Two on the narrow gold strip of the sand.
But one on the ocean of love and at rest ;
One 'midst the rush, and one in the roar ;
One like a bird winging home to its nest :
Who asks as much, or dare hunger for more ?

Two in the gold of the sun as it sets ;
Two close together at death of the day ;
Two in the world that forgives and forgets ;
Two with the joy of the beach and the bay.

But one in the faith, and one in the prayer ;
 One in the heaven, and one in the blue ;
 One in the light, and the life, and the air :
 Who can ask more ! O my darling, can you ?

"KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT."

KISS me Good-Night ! the day is done,
 Across life's hill the sun has set ;
 All ! all ! have left me ; only one
 Remains to love me—or forget ?
 We started seaward, to love's land,
 Heart-glad with flowers, sun, and light—
 Lost in the darkness, now we stand.
 Kiss me Good-Night.

Kiss me Good-Night ! our lovely year
 Is folded up and put away ;
 The mists are round us, and a tear
 Is all the pray'r I have to pray.
 Why do I weep ? I only know
 Life's awful mystery aright.
 You pause ! and I have loved you so !
 Kiss me Good-Night !

Kiss me Good-Night ! no more be said .
 For us what can to-morrow bring ?
 A cry of pain for what is dead ?
 Another New Year's song to sing ?

Time's shadows close around us fast,
 Our lamp of love is still alight;
 O that we might re-live the past!
 Kiss me Good-Night!

PAKENHAM BEATTY.

SONG.

IF May forgets not April's flowers,
 June will,—
 Even hearts that throb and thrill like ours
 Grow still.

July forgets what birds and flowers
 June had,—
 Even hearts whose joy is deep as ours
 Grow sad.

The pale leaves hear not what the flowers
 Heard told,—
 Even hearts as passionate as ours
 Grow cold.

WHEN WILL LOVE COME?

SOME find Love late, some find him soon,
 Some with the rose in May,
 Some with the nightingale in June,
 And some when skies are gray.

Love comes to some with smiling eyes,
 And comes with tears to some ;
 For some Love sings, for some Love sighs,
 For some Love's lips are dumb.

How will you come to me, fair Love ?
 Will you come late or soon ?
 With sad or smiling skies above,
 By light of sun or moon ?

Will you be sad, will you be sweet,
 Sing, sigh, Love, or be dumb ?
 Will it be summer when we meet,
 Or autumn ere you come ?

SONG.

COME to me in my dreams, and say
 Sweet words I never hear by day,
 And murmur lovingly and low,
 And take my hand and kiss my brow !

And I will whisper all night through
 What I can only say to you.
 My hopes I had, my life I planned,
 That only you can understand.

Rest with me, love ! until the day,
 Then kiss me once, and pass away !
 And let me waken, dear, to weep.
 You can but kiss me in my sleep.

FRANCIS W. BOUDILLON.

CAELI.

IF stars were really watching eyes
 Of angel armies in the skies,
 I should forget all watchers there,
 And only for your glances care.

And if your eyes were really stars
 With leagues that none can mete for bars
 To keep me from their longed-for day,
 I could not feel more far away !

GATHERED ROSES.

ONLY a bee made prisoner,
 Caught in a gathered rose !
 Was he not 'ware a flower so fair
 For the first gatherer grows ?

Only a heart made prisoner,
 Going out free no more !
 Was he not 'ware a face so fair
 Must have been gathered before ?

FAREWELL.

THE water lingers where the leaves
 Of lilies white are lying,
The daylight there, on summer eves,
 With dim regret is dying.

Only the shadows noiselessly
 Now brood the white leaves over,
So, when mine eyes must turn from thee
 Each sad thought is thy lover.

LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

STANZA FROM "STORNELLI AND STROMBOTTI."

LOVE is a bird that breaks its voice with
singing ;

Love is a rose blown open till it fall ;
Love is a bee that dies of its own stinging ;
And love the tinsel cross upon a pall.
Love is the Siren, towards a quicksand bringing
Enchanted fishermen that hear her call.
Love is a broken heart,—Farewell,—the wring-
ing
Of dying hands. Ah, do not love at all !

RED MAY.

OUT of the window the trees in the square
Are covered with crimson May—
You, that were all my love and care,
Have broken my heart to-day.

But though I have lost you and though I
despair
Till even the past looks gray,
Out of my window the trees in the square
Are covered with crimson May.

FROM "TUSCAN CYPRESS."

WHEN I am dead and I am quite forgot,
What care I if my spirit lives or dies?
To walk with angels in a grassy plot,
And pluck the lilies grown in Paradise?

Ah, no—the heaven of all my heart has been
To hear your voice and catch the sighs between.
Ah, no—the better heaven I fain would give,
But in a cranny of your soul to live.

LE ROI EST MORT!

AND shall I weep that Love's no more,
And magnify his reign?
Sure never mortal man before
Would have his grief again.
Farewell the long-continued ache,
The days a-dream, the nights a-wake,
I will rejoice and merry make,
And never more complain.

King Love is dead and gone for aye,
Who ruled with might and main,
For with a bitter word one day
I found my tyrant slain,

And he in Heathenesse was bred,
 Nor ever was baptized, 't is said,
 Nor is of any creed, and dead,
 Can never rise again.

MRS. SINGLETON.

"VIOLET FANE."

SO MUCH—SO LITTLE.

YOU said to me in that sad hour of parting,
 So much—so little, and yet every thing—
 My eager lips, so rudely interposing,
 Broke the soft sounds your own, maybe, had
 murmured
 In that dim hour of silence ! Though of sor-
 row
 It seemed the cup was filled to overflowing
 I could not weep, for joy at being near thee,
 And guessing all the words you left unspoken,
 So much—so little, and yet every thing !

You gave to me in that dear hour of parting,
 So much—so little, and yet every thing—
 So little for the hunger of my longing—
 So much to meet the measure of deserving,

And every thing of heaven in a moment—
Oh, cruel time! Oh, midnight chimes that
sounded!
Yet, in your arms, how dared I curse the mo-
ments
Which brought with all their dread of desola-
tion
So much—so little, and yet every thing?

You seemed to me in that sad hour of parting,
So much—so little, and yet every thing—
“So much, so little!” . . . Loving, yet divided
For ever from me :—in the hated future
Linked with another,—madly loved—“not wise-
ly.”

Met all too late, and lending love and sunshine
And all delight, and leaving (had you left me)
Only a memory of vanished beauty
To be to me for ever and for ever
So much—so little, and yet every thing!

LOVE.

IT came as I lay dreaming,
As it doth ever,
Had I guessed its subtle seeming
Would I ever? never, never!
But it came as I lay dreaming.

So, as I lay dreaming,
 On the river
Of my life went softly streaming,
 On its breast no little quiver
Warned me as I lay there dreaming.

Now I am no longer dreaming,
 Waking, quaking—
Dazed, I watch the rushing, streaming
 Of the stormy waters breaking
On the dream that I was dreaming.

As a straw floats on the gleaming,
 Dashing river,
So my heart seems tossing, teeming
 With each important endeavor
Drowned amidst the torrents' streaming.

Ah, it came as I lay dreaming !
 And forever
Must I listen to the screaming
 Of the storm-birds, and the river
Dashing madly onwards, seeming
 Bent on bearing on its steaming
Headlong course, each poor endeavor,
 Had I guessed it, would I ever . . . ?
Never ! never !
But it came as I lay dreaming !

BALLAD.

A SHADOW stands outside my door,
 Through all the noontide din ;
 But when the revels of the day are o'er
 I rise and let it in.

The voices are hushed, and the lights are dead
 When I open the doorway wide,
 And the curtains are drawn around the bed
 Where you sleep by my side.

Then I talk to my guest in accents low,
 And I live the old life anew,
 With the ghost of a man dead long ago,
 Whom I loved far better than you.

ERIC MACKAY.

PASSAGES FROM "LOVE LETTERS OF A VIOLINIST."

AND dream, at night, of love within the blue
 Of thy sweet eyes, and tremble through
 and through.

* * * * *

Crowned with a kiss, and sceptred with a joy.

* * * * *

How many hours, how many days we met
 Here on the beach, in that delirious time
 When all the waves appeared to break in
 rhyme.

Life was a joy and love was like a debt
 Paid and repaid in kisses—good to get,
 And good to lose—unhoarded, yet sublime.

* * * * *

I take myself and thee as mine estate—
 Thee and myself. The world is centred there.
 If thou be well I know the skies are fair;
 If not, they press me down with leaden weight,
 And all is dark; and morning comes too late;
 And all the birds are tuneless in the air.

* * * * *

It is not much to say that I would die,—
 It is not much to say that I would dare
 Torture, and doom, and death, could I but
 share
 One kiss with thee. For then, without a sigh,
 I'd teach thee pity, and be graced thereby,
 Wet with thy tears, and shrouded by thy hair.

* * * * *

But there is something I could never bring
 My soul to compass. No! could I compel
 Thy plighted troth, I would not have thee
 Tell a lie to God. I'll have no wedding-ring
 With loveless hands around my neck to cling;
 For this were worse than all the fires of Hell.

I would not take thee from a lover's lips,
 Or from the rostrum of a roaring crowd,
 Or from the memory of a husband's shroud,
 Or from the goblet where a Cæsar sips.
 I would not touch thee with my finger tips,
 But I would die to serve thee,—and be proud.

And could I enter Heaven, and find therein,
 In all the wide dominions of the air,
 No trace of thee among the natives there,
 I would not bide with them—No ! not to win
 A seraph's lyre—but I would sin a sin,
 And free my soul, and seek thee otherwhere.

MIRAGE.

'T IS a legend of a lover,
 'T is a ballad to be sung,
 In the gloaming,—under cover,—
 By a minstrel who is young ;
 By a singer who has passion, and who sways
 us with his tongue.

I, who know it, think upon it,
 Not unhappy, tho' in tears,
 And I gather in a sonnet,
 All the glory of the years ;
 And I kiss and clasp a shadow when the sub-
 stance disappears.

Ah ! I see her as she faced me,
 In the sinless summer days,
 When her little hands embraced me,
 And I saddened at her gaze,
 Thinking, Sweet One ! will she love me when
 we walk in other ways ?

Will she cling to me as kindly
 When the childish faith is lost ?
 Will she pray for me as blindly,
 Or but weigh the wish and cost,
 Looking back on our lost Eden from the girl-
 hood she has crossed ?

Oh ! I swear by all I honor,
 By the graves that I endow,
 By the grace I set upon her,
 That I meant the early vow,—
 Meant it much as men and women mean the
 same thing spoken now.

But her maiden troth is broken,
 And her mind is ill at ease,
 And she sends me back no token
 From her home beyond the seas ;
 And I know, though naught is spoken, that
 she thanks me on her knees.

Yes, for pardon freely granted ;
For she wronged me, understand,
And my life is disenchanted,
As I wander through the land
With sorrows of dark morrows that await me
in a band.

Hers was sweetest of sweet faces,
Hers the tenderest eyes of all !
In her hair she had the traces
Of a heavenly coronal,
Bringing sunshine to sad places where the
sunlight could not fall.

She was fairer than a vision ;
Like a vision, too, has flown,
I who flushed at her decision,
Lo ! I languish here alone ;
And I tremble when I tell you that my anger
was mine own.

Not for her, sweet sainted creature !
Could I curse her to her face ?
Could I look on form and feature,
And deny the inner grace ?
Like a little wax Madonna she was holy in
the place,

And I told her, in mad fashion,
 That I loved her,—would incline
 All my life to this one passion,
 And would kneel as at a shrine ;
 And would love her late and early, and would
 teach her to be mine.

Now in dreams alone I meet her,
 With my lowly human praise :
 She is sweeter and completer,
 And she smiles on me always ;
 But I dare not rise and greet her as I did in
 early days.

AMY LEVY.

JUNE.

LAST June I saw your face three times,
 Three times I touched your hand ;
 Now, as before, May month is o'er,
 And June is in the land.

O many Junes shall come and go,
 Flow'r-footed o'er the mead ;
 O many Junes for me, to whom
 Is length of days decreed.

There shall be sunlight, scent of rose,
Warm mist of summer rain ;
Only this change—I shall not look
Upon your face again.

LONDON IN JULY.

WHAT ails my senses thus to cheat?
What is it ails the place,
That all the people in the street
Should wear one woman's face ?

The London trees are dusty-brown,
Beneath the summer sky ;
My love, she dwells in London town,
Nor leaves it in July.

O various and intricate ways,
Wide waste of square and street,
Where, missing through unnumbered days,
We twain at last may meet.

And who cries out on crowd and mart ?
Who prates of stream and sea ?
The summer in the city 's sweet—
That is enough for me.

AT DAWN.

IN the night I dreamed of you ;
 All the place was filled
 With your presence ; in my heart
 The strife was stilled !

All night I have dreamed of you,
 Now the morn is gray.—
 How shall I arise and face
 The empty day ?

MAY PROBYN.

LOVE IN MAYFAIR.

IMUST tell you, my dear.
 I'm in love with him vastly !
 Twenty thousand a year,
 I must tell you, my dear !
 He will soon be a peer—
 And such diamonds !—and lastly,
 I must tell you, my dear,
 I 'm in love with him vastly !

BARCAROLLE.

LAST night we sailed, my love and I—
 Last night and years ago—
 Was it moon or sea we drifted through ?
 I think I shall never know !
 We had no oar—
 We neared no shore—
 We floated with the tide,
 The moon was white,
 And the sea alight,
 And none in the world beside.

I and my love, we said farewell—
 It is years and years away.
 We kissed our last in a life gone by—
 I think it was yesterday !
 Oh ! for heaven, give me
 A moon and a sea
 To sail, when we both have died,
 With never an oar—
 With never a shore—
 Drifting on with the tide !

DISENCHANTED.

IF once I loved him ? Dear, I cannot say !
 All things have changed to me since he was
 here ;
 I thought to die when first he went away—
 And now, I name his name without a tear.

I think I should not blush if he drew near
 And touched my hand, and spoke with me to-
 day ;
 Time was, I could not face him without fear—
 If once I loved him ? Dear, I cannot say !

Forgetful of him ? Faithless to him ? Nay—
 For he, or what he seemed, lies stark on bier ;
 As alters lamplit feast when day dawns gray,
 All things have changed to me since he was
 here.

Not him, but what he seemed, I held so dear ;
 A God I made him from mere common clay ;
 Strange to remember how, the world grown
 drear,
 I thought to die when first he went away.

Long time, and long, I bore with his delay,
 Until at length, his coldness showed so clear
 Even faith of mine took wing and would not
 stay,
 And now, I name his name without a tear.

But you,—you came to me in week-day gear,
 And like the postures in some printed play,
 Dear, since you found me, those old times
 appear—
 This is not love that makes my winter May
 If once I loved.

SONG.

COME what will, you are mine to-day,
While the wood-birds sing, and the world
is gay !

You are mine for a moment, come what may—
But how will it be when the sun 's away?

Where shall we go when the swallows fly ?
What shall we do when the roses die ?
You are mine to-day, or you smile, or you sigh,
But how will it be in the by-and-by ?

You are mine to-day in your grace full-grown
To clasp, and to kiss, and to call my own—
But how will it be when the rain comes down,
When the birds are mute, and the woods turn
brown ?

You are mine to-day with your secret told,
The flower whose leaves I have watched un-
fold—

But how will it be when the wind is cold ?
What shall we do when we both grow old ?

You are mine to-day while our hearts beat
high—

Though the sun be setting, I care not, I !
There are other lands where the swallows fly,
There is still next year, when the roses die.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SONG.

O STAY, Madonna ! stay ;
'T is not the dawn of day
That marks the skies with yonder opal streak :
The stars in silence shine ;
Then press thy lips to mine,
And rest upon my neck thy fervid cheek.

O sleep, Madonna ! sleep ;
Leave me to watch and weep
O'er the sad memory of departed joys,
O'er hope's extinguished beam,
O'er fancy's vanished dream,
O'er all that nature gives and man destroys.

O wake, Madonna ! wake ;
Even now the purple lake
Is dappled o'er with amber flakes of light ;

A glow is on the hill ;
 And every trickling rill
 In golden threads leaps down from yonder
 height.

O fly, Madonna ! fly,
 Lest day and envy spy
 What only love and night may safely know ;
 Fly, and tread softly, dear !
 Lest those who hate us hear
 The sound of thy light footsteps as they go.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

PASSAGE FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

BUT did I say I loved him not ! O God !
 If I said thus, I say since truth was truth,
 There never was a falsehood half so false.
 I say I love him, and I say beside
 That but to say I love him is as nothing ;
 'T is but a tithe and scantling of the truth !
 And oh ! how much I love him what can tell ?
 Not words, not tears,—heaven only knows how
 much ;
 And every evening when I say my prayers,
 I pray to be forgiven for the sin
 Of loving aught on earth with such a love !

Sir Henry Taylor.

WHERE IS MISS MYRTLE?

WHERE is Miss Myrtle? can any one tell?

Where is she gone, where is she gone?

She flirts with another, I know very well;

And I—am left all alone!

She flies to the window when Arundel rings;

She 's all over smiles when Lord Archibald
sings,—

It 's plain that her Cupid has two pairs of wings;

Where is she gone, where is she gone?

Her love and my love are different things;

And I—am left all alone!

I brought her, one morning, a rose for her
brow;

Where is she gone, where is she gone?

She told me such horrors were never worn now:

And I—am left all alone!

But I saw her at night with a rose in her hair,

And I guess who it came from—of course I
don't care,

We all know that girls are as false as they 're
fair;

Where is she gone, where is she gone?

I 'm sure the lieutenant 's a horrible bear:

And I—am left all alone!

Whenever we go on the Downs for a ride,—
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
 She looks for another to trot by her side :—
 And I—am left all alone !
 And whenever I take her down-stairs from a
 ball,
 She nods to some puppy to put on her shawl ;
 I 'm a peaceable man, and I don't like a brawl ;—
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
 But I 'd give a trifle to horsewhip them all,
 And I—am left all alone !

She tells me her mother belongs to the sect,
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
 Which holds that all waltzing is quite incorrect :—
 And I—am left all alone !
 But a fire 's in my heart, and a fire 's in my
 brain,
 When she waltzes away with Sir Phelim
 O'Shane ;
 I don't think I ever can ask her again :
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
 And lord ! since the summer she 's grown very
 plain ;
 And I—am left all alone !

She said that she liked me a twelvemonth ago ;
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?

And how should I guess that she 'd torture me
so ?

And I—am left all alone !

Some day she 'll find out it was not very wise
To laugh at the breath of a true lover's sighs ;
After all, Fanny Myrtle is not such a prize :

Where is she gone, where is she gone ?

Louisa Dalrymple has exquisite eyes ;

And I 'll—be no longer alone !

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

SONG.

A PLACE in the memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.

Another may woo thee nearer ;
Another may win and wear ;
I care not, though he be dearer,
If I am remembered there.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
Couldst thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
That ever loved thee,
But a cloud o'er my pathway is glooming
Which never must break upon thine,
And Heaven, which made thee all blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me not as a lover
 Whose fond hopes are crossed,
 Whose bosom can never recover
 The light it has lost ;—
 As the young bride remembers the mother
 She loves, yet never may see,
 As a sister remembers a brother,
 Oh, dearest, remember me.

Gerald Griffin.

HOW MANY TIMES.

HOW many times do I love thee, dear ?
 Tell me how many thoughts there be
 In the atmosphere
 Of a new-fall'n year,
 Whose white and sable hours appear
 The latest flake of Eternity ;
 So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again ?
 Tell me how many beads there are
 In a silver chain
 Of the evening rain,
 Unravelled from the tumbling main,
 And threading the eye of a yellow star :
 So many times do I love again.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

ADIEU, ADIEU! OUR DREAM OF LOVE —

A DIEU, adieu! our dream of love
Was far too sweet to linger long,
Such hopes may bloom in bowers above,
But here they mock the fond and young.

We met in hope, we part in tears!
Yet oh, 't is sadly sweet to know
That life, in all its future years,
Can reach us with no heavier blow!

* * * * *

The hour is come, the spell is past!
Far, far from thee, my only love,
Youth's earliest hope, and manhood's last
My darkened spirit turns to rove.

Adieu, adieu! O dull and dread
Sinks on the ear that parting knell!
Hope and the dreams of love lie dead,—
To them and thee, farewell, farewell!

Thomas Kibble Hervey.

I WANDERED BY THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid ;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne ;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind,
 A hand was on my shoulder,
 I knew its touch was kind ;
 It drew me nearer, nearer,
 We did not speak one word ;
 For the beating of our own hearts
 Was all the sound we heard.

*Richard Monckton Milnes
 (Lord Houghton).*

CUPID'S ARROW.

YOUNG Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day,
 And besought him to look at his arrow,
 " 'T is useless ! " he cried, " you must mend it,
 I say,
 'T is n't fit to let fly at a sparrow.
 There 's something that 's wrong in the shaft,
 or the dart,
 For it flutters quite false to my aim,
 'T is an age since it fairly went home to a heart,
 And the world really jests at my name.

" I have straightened, I 've bent, I 've tried all,
 I declare,
 I 've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs ;

'T is feathered with ringlets my mother might wear,
 And the barb gleams with light from young eyes ;
 But it falls without touching—I 'll break it, I vow,
 For there 's Hymen beginning to pout,
 He 's complaining his torch beams so dull and so low,
 That Zephyr might puff it right out."

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,
 Till Vulcan the weapon restored ;
 "There, take it, young sir, try it now. If it fail,
 I will ask neither fee nor reward !"
 The urchin shot out, and rare havoc he made,
 The wounded and dead were untold,
 But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,
 For the arrow was laden with gold.

Eliza Cook.

BARE FEET.

O FAIR white feet ! O dawn-white feet !
 Of her my hope may claim !
 Barefooted through the dew she came,
 Her Love to meet.

Star-glancing feet, the wind-flowers sweet
 Might envy, without shame,
 As through the grass they lightly came,
 Her Love to meet.

O maiden sweet, with flower-kissed feet !
 My heart your footstool name !
 Barefooted through the dew she came,
 Her Love to meet.

William James Linton.

A CANDID WOOING.

I CANNOT give you all my heart,
 Lady-love ;
 My faith and country claim a part,
 My sweet love,
 But yet I 'll pledge thee word of mine
 That all the rest is truly thine.
 The raving passion of a boy,
 Warm though it be, will quickly cloy—
 Confide then rather in the man
 Who vows to love thee all he can,
 My sweet love.

Affection, founded on respect,
 Lady-love,
 Can never dwindle to neglect,
 My sweet love.

And while thy gentle virtues live,
 Such is the love that I will give.
 The torrent leaves its channel dry,
 The brook runs on incessantly ;
 The storm of passion lasts a day,
 But deep true love endures alway,
 My sweet love.

Accept then a divided heart,
 Lady-love,
 Faith, Friendship, Honor—each have part,
 My sweet love.

While at one altar we adore,
 Faith shall but make us love the more ;
 And Friendship, true to all beside,
 Will ne'er be fickle to a bride ;
 And Honor, based on manly truth,
 Shall love in age as well as youth,
 My sweet love.

Charles Mackay.

TO —

FLOWERS I would bring, if flowers could
 make thee fairer,
 And music, if the Muse were dear to thee ;
 (For loving these would make thee love the
 bearer.)
 But sweetest songs forget their melody,

And loveliest flowers would but conceal the
wearer ;—
A rose I marked, and might have plucked, but
she
Blushed as she bent, imploring me to spare her,
Nor spoil her beauty by such rivalry.
Alas ! and with what gifts shall I pursue thee,
What offerings bring, what treasures lie before
thee,
When earth with all her floral train doth woo
thee,
And all old poets and old songs adore thee,
And love to thee is naught, from passionate
mood
Secured by joy's complacent plenitude !

Sir Aubrey De Vere.

REMEMBRANCE.

COLD in the earth, and the deep snow piled
above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave !
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave ?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer
hover,
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,

Resting their wings where heath and fern-
leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?

Cold in the earth, and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into
spring ;
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers,
After such years of change and suffering !

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along ;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee
wrong !

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me ;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had
perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy ;
Then did I learn how existence could be
cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
 Weaned my young soul from yearning after
 thine :
 Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
 Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish ;
 Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous
 pain ;
 Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
 How could I seek the empty world again !

Emily Brontë.

DOLCINO TO MARGARET.

THE world goes up and the world goes down,
 And the sunshine follows the rain,
 And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
 Can never come over again,
 Sweet wife,
 No, never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be cold,
 And the night will follow the day,
 Till the heart which at even was weary and old
 Can rise in the morning gay,
 Sweet wife,
 To its work in the morning gay.

Charles Kingsley.

SONG.

O H, hast thou won my heart, my love !
 What gain to thee? what gain ?
 It plights thee with no golden ring,
 It decks thee with no chain ;
 A simple thing, yet it will bring
 To thee, my love, no pain ;
 To give thee rest, to make thee blest
 It hath been ever fain, my love,
 It hath been ever fain !

Oh, have I won thy heart, my love ?
 What gain to me ! what gain !
 What brooding calm, what soothing balm,
 What sweet release from pain !
 Through sudden rest my spirit guessed
 What hour to me it came,
 And day by day I mark its stay
 Through comfort of the same, my love,
 Through comfort of the same !

Dora Greenwell.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

TUMBLE and rumble, and grumble and snort,
 Like a whale to starboard, a whale to port ;
 Tumble and rumble, and grumble and snort,

And the steamer steams thro' the sea, love !

"I see the ship on the sea, love,

I stand alone

On this Rock,

The sea does not shock

The stone ;

The waters around it are swirled,

But under my feet

I feel it go down

To where the hemispheres meet

At the adamant heart of the world.

O that the rock would move !

O that the rock would roll

To meet thee over the sea, love !

Surely my mighty love

Should fill it like a soul,

And it should bear me to thee, love ;

Like a ship on the sea, love,

Bear me, bear me, to thee, love ! "

"Guns are thundering, seas are sundering,
crowds are wondering,

Low on our lee, love.

Over and over the canon clouds

Cover brother and lover, but over and over

The whirlwheels trundle the sea, love,

And on thro' the loud pealing pomp of her
cloud

The great ship is going to thee, love,
 Blind to her mark, like a world through the
 dark,
 Thundering, sundering, to the crowds won-
 dering,
 Thundering ever to thee, love.”

“ I have come down to thee coming to me, love,
 I stand, I stand
 On the solid sand,
 I see thee coming to me, love ;
 The sea runs up to me on the sand,
 I start 't is as if thou hadst stretched thine hand
 And touched me thro' the sea, love.
 I feel as if I must die,
 For there 's something longs to fly,
 Fly and fly, to thee, love,
 As the blood of the flower ere she blows
 Is beating up to the sun,
 And her roots do hold her down,
 And it blushes and breaks undone
 In a rose,
 So my blood is beating in me, love !
 I see thee nigh and nigher,
 And my soul leaps up like sudden fire,
 My life 's in the air
 To meet thee there,
 To meet thee coming to me, love,
 Over the sea,

Coming to me,
Coming, and coming to me, love ! ”

“ The boats are lowered : I leap in first,
Pull, boys, pull ! or my heart will burst !
More ! more !—lend me an oar !
I ’m thro’ the breakers ! I ’m on the shore !
I see thee waiting for me, love ! ”

“ A sudden storm
Of sighs and tears,
A clenching arm,
A look of years,
In my bosom a thousand cries,
A flash like light before my eyes,
And I am lost in thee, love ! ”

Sydney Dobell.

ACROSS THE SEA.

I WALKED in the lonesome evening,
And who as sad as I,
When I saw the young men and maidens
Merrily passing by ?
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee !
While the ripples fold upon sands of gold,
And I look across the sea.

I stretch out my hands ; who will clasp them ?
 I call,—thou repliest no word !
 O why should heart-longing be weaker
 Than the waving wings of a bird !
 To thee, my love, to thee—
 So fain would I come to thee !
 For the tide 's at rest from east to west,
 And I look across the sea.

There 's joy in the hopeful morning,
 There 's peace in the parting day,
 There 's sorrow with every lover
 Whose true-love is far away.
 To thee, my love, to thee—
 So fain would I come to thee !
 And the water 's bright in a still moonlight,
 As I look across the sea.

William Allingham.

LOVE WITHIN THE LOVER'S BREAST.

L OVE within the lover's breast
 Burns like Hesper in the west,
 O'er the ashes of the sun,
 Till the day and night are done,
 Then when dawn drives up the car—
 Lo ! it is the morning-star.

Love ! thy love pours down on mine
 As the sunlight on the vine,

As the snow-rill on the vale,
 As the salt breeze on the sail ;
 As the song unto the bird
 On my lips thy name is heard.

As a dew-drop on a rose
 In thy heart my passion glows ;
 As a skylark to the sky
 Up into thy breast I fly ;
 As a sea-shell of the sea
 Ever shall I sing of thee.

George Meredith.

THE DEAD NUPTIAL.

IT was a nuptial of the dead,
 Hope was a corse when she was wed,
 Her loathèd bridegroom was Decay,
 And Sorrow gave the bride away,
 And the wedding-priest was Care,
 And the bride-bed's fruit Despair.

John Todhunter.

EYEBRIGHT.

AS a star from the sea new-risen,
 As the waft of an angel's wing,
 As a lark's song heard in prison,
 As the promise of summer in spring,

She comes to me through the stillness,
 The shadows that ring me round,
 The dungeon of years and illness
 Wherein my spirit is bound.

She comes with her eyes love-laden,
 Her laughter of lily and rose,
 A fragile and flower-like maiden,
 In the season of frosts and snows.

She smiled and the shades departed ;
 She shone and the snows were rain ;
 And he who was frozen-hearted,
 Bloomed up into life again.

John Addington Symonds.

LOVE'S SILENCE.

DEARST, this one day our own,
 Stolen from the crowd and press,
 Let it be sweet silence's,
 We two, heart to heart, alone;
 Any speech were less.

We are weary, even thus,
 Talk might turn to discontent,
 Else be practised merriment :
 Earth and sky will speak for us
 Nearer as we meant.

We two, in the stillness, dear,
Fair dreams come without our quest,
Not to speak of life is best.
Ah, our holiday is here,
Let it all be rest.

Augusta Webster.

SONG.

DEAR lady, when thou frownest,
And my true love despisest,
And all my vows disownest,
That sealed my venture wisest ;
I think thy pride's displeasure
Neglects a matchless treasure
Exceeding price or measure.

But when again thou smilest,
And love for love returnest,
And fear with joy beguilest,
And takest truth in earnest ;
Then, though I most adore thee,
The sum of my love for thee
Seems poor, scant, and unworthy.

Robert Bridges.

ENDYMIAN.

THE apple-trees are hung with gold,
 The birds are loud in Arcady,
 The sheep lie bleating in the fold,
 The wild-goat runs across the wold,
 But yesterday his love he told,
 I know he will come back to me.
 O rising moon ! O Lady moon !
 Be you my lover's sentinel,
 You cannot choose but know him well,
 For he is shod with purple shoon,
 You cannot choose but know my love,
 For he a shepherd's crook doth bear,
 And he is soft as any dove,
 And brown and curly is his hair.

The turtle now has ceased to call
 Upon her crimson-footed groom,
 The gray wolf prowls about the stall,
 The lily's drowsy seneschal
 Sleeps in the lily-bell, and all
 The violet hills are lost in gloom.
 O risen moon ! O holy moon !
 Stand on the top of Helice,
 And if my own true love you see,
 Ah ! if you see the purple shoon,

The hazel-crook, the lad's brown hair,
The goat-skin wrapped about his arm,
Tell him that I am waiting where
The rushlight glimmers in the Farm.

The falling dew is cold and chill,
And no bird sings in Arcady,
The little fawns have left the hill,
Even the tired daffodil
Has closed its gilded doors, and still
My lover comes not back to me.
False moon ! False moon ! O waning moon !
Where is my own true lover gone,
Where are the lips vermillion,
The shepherd's crook, the sandal shoon ?
Why spread that silver pavilion ?
Why wear that veil of drifting mist ?
Ah ! thou hast young Endymion,
Thou hast the lips that should be kissed !

Oscar Wilde.

A TRANSFORMATION.

HOW strange she was but yesterday as other
girls to me,
Just better-looking in a way than many maidens
be :
To-day she is the loveliest of all upon our earth,
The woman whom I hold the best for beauty
and for worth.

What was it that transformed her so? What
tinged with sun her hair?
What gave her cheek that fairy glow? What
made my heart aware
Of all the subtle loveliness which lurks about
her face
And forced my reason to confess the magic of
her grace?

The casual eye would but detect her dress's hue
or shape,
A touch for fashion or effect. Or might it be
the cape
Of sables round her shoulders thrown and cling-
ing to her throat,
Now that the autumn breezes moan, and sum-
mer sheds his coat?

But is it sable and dark-green—the dress—that
witches me,
Or light which never yet was seen upon the
land or sea?
I wot not: only this I weet, that she, who yes-
terday
Was naught to me, to-day is sweet as petals of
the May.

Douglas W. B. Sladen.

A SONG FOR THE GIRL I LOVE.

A SONG for the girl I love—
God love her !

A song for the eyes that tender shine,
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine,
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled
That clasp her neck with tendrils of gold ;
And the blossom mouth and the dainty chin,
And the little dimples out and in—
God love her !

A song for the girl I loved—
God loved her !

A song for the eyes of faded light,
And the cheek whose red rose waned to white,
And the quiet brow, with its shadow and gleam,
And the dark lashes drooped in a long, long
dream,
And the small hands crossed for their church-
yard rest,
And the lilies dead on her sweet dead breast,
The girl I loved—
God loved her !

Frederick Langbridge.

SONG.

WERE life to last for ever, love,
 We might go hand in hand,
 And pause and pull the flowers that bloom
 In all the idle land,

And we might lie in sunny fields
 And while the hours away
 With fallings-out and fallings-in
 For many a summer day.

But since we two must sever, love,
 Since some dim hour we part,
 I have no time to give thee much,
 But quickly take my heart,

“ For ever thine,” and “ thine my love,”—
 O Death may come apace,
 What more of love could life bestow,
 Dearest, than this embrace ?

Edward Dowden.

BROKEN LIGHT.

IT was cruel of them to part
 Two hearts in the gladsome spring,
 Two lovers’ hearts that had just burst forth
 With each blithe and beautiful thing ;

Cruel, but only half—

Had they known how to do us wrong,
They had barred the way of the odorous May,
They had shut out the wild-bird's song.

Your kisses were so embalmed
With spices of beech and fir,
That they haunt my lips in the dead o' the
night,
If the night-winds do not stir ;
When I rise with the rising dawn,
To let the dewy south,
Like a fountain's spray, or the pride of the day,
They fall on my thirsty mouth.

They should never have let us love
Abroad in the wild free woods,
If they meant it to slumber on, cold and tame,
As the locked-up winter floods ;
They should never have let it hide
'Neath the beeches' lucent shade.
Or the upturned arch of the tender larch
That blushed as it heaved and swayed.

Now the young and passionate year
Is no longer itself, but you ;
Its conniving woods, with their raptures and
thrills,
You have leavened them through and through.

The troubadour nightingale,
 And the dove that o'erbends the bough,
 Have both learnt, and teach, the trick of your
 speech,
 As they echo it vow for vow.

My heart is heavy with scorn,
 Mine eyes with impatient tears,
 But the heaven looks blue through the cherry-
 blooms
 And preaches away my fears !
 From the burning bush of the gorse,
 Alive with murmurous sound,
 I hear a voice, and it says "Rejoice!"
 I stand as on holy ground.

O flower of life ! Love !
 God's love is at thy root ;
 They dim thy glory, but cannot blight
 Or hinder thy golden fruit.
 Yet all the same, I am mad,
 However the end may fall,
 That they dare to wring, in the gladsome spring,
 Two hearts that were gladdest of all.

Emily Pfeiffer.

THE NIGHT AFTER DEATH.

H EART of my heart !

How shall I greet thee ere I sleep this
night,
In that strange far-off land where thou art
gone ?
My lips, that faltered not in dark or light,
For tender balms with which to soothe thy
spirit's moan,
Falter for some high speech and infinite,
In which to utter sweetness where thou art,
Dear heart.

Bid thee good-night ?

As, when the lamps put out, we stood alone
In the enchanted dusk one moment yet,
And kissed, with hands that locked our lives
in one,
“ Good-night,” then on the wish one last kiss
set.
Ah, Love ! there is no night where thou art
gone,
That I should wish thee in thy perfect light,
“ Good-night.”

Bid thee " farewell,"
Farewell, my Love, farewell for evermore ?

To thee to whom our utmost well were ill ;
Who fairest now where living waters flow,

With One whose words flow o'er thy spirit still,
And wash life's fever from thee, and the woe
For which our love could never find the spell,
" Farewell."

Or shall I sigh,
Sleep sweet, dear heart, sleep sweet for ever-
more ?

Who needest not to pay away to Death
One half thy day to keep him from thy door ;

But, gazing into the unknown Beneath,
And bathing in the deep Beyond, dost soar,
And sing and shine in endless ecstasy

On high.

Or shall I greet
Thee thus : " God bless thee as thou blessedst
me " ?

Thou whose great light of blessing even now
Has struck me blind, so that I cannot see

Thy face, nor find thy hand, nor touch, nor
know,

And darkened all my days with loss of thee.
My blessing would but touch and dim thy feet,
My Sweet.

O Love, my Love !
 A beggar girl, I stand alone, ah me !
 Alone upon thy palace steps, with all
 My faded violets, that once to thee
 Were sweet, but sickening now at evenfall,
 Smell but of all my want and misery,
 While empty hands I stretch to thee, my Love,
 My Love !

Elice Hopkins.

LOVE SONG.

I KNOW not whether to laugh or cry,
 So greatly, utterly glad am I :
 For one, whose beautiful love-lit face
 The distance hid for a weary space,
 Has come this day of all days to me
 Who am his home and his own country.

What shall I say who am here at rest,
 Led from the good things to the best ?
 Little my knowledge, but this I know,
 It was God said, "Love each other so!"
 O love, my love, who hast come to me,
 Thy love, thy home, and thy own country.

E. Nesbit.

Vol I—22

UNIDENTIFIED



UNIDENTIFIED.

MY LETTER.

I READ it, my letter, my letter, as I sate in
my rocky nest :
The waves at my reet were creaming, the wind
blew soft from the west ;
The sunshie on the tangle-beds was blazing
fiercely down,
And as they wavered to and fro, they glowed to
golden brown.
I heard the cry of the curlews blend with the
breaker's roar.
I took from my breast my letter, and read it yet
once more.

I read it, my letter, my letter, as I loitered by
the sea.
And as I read my fancy was flying fast and free,
Away from the sunny seaboard, away from the
purple down ;

I saw the smoky, sullen streets, I saw the busy town ;
I saw the desk with its dusty load, I saw the dreary room,
And I saw the dark-blue eyes I knew, outshining in the gloom.

I read it, my letter, my letter, and I saw illumine it,
The graceful phrase, the graphic touch, the flash of ready wit,
The tender lingering o'er the words, that even as he wrote,
Seemed as Love hovered over them, their truth and depth to note ;
The sweet old words whose iterance, to those that yearn to hear,
But deepens ever down and down, and deepening grows more dear.

I read it, my letter, my letter ; then softly in fragments small
I tore the precious pages, and stopped to kiss them all ;
They were safe and sure, the golden words, re-written in my heart,
It was surely best in a world of change, with their earthly shrine to part ;

So I tore it, my letter, my letter, with a smile,
and with a sigh,
And tossed them to the sunny sea, beneath the
sunny sky.

To what I have loved so long and well, the
flashing, dancing wave,
To the mighty arms of the great North Sea, the
thing I prized I gave ;
It should die, my letter, my letter, no common
mortal death,
It should be rocked upon the ocean's breast,
 lulled by the ocean's breath,
Has a monarch kinglier requiem, a chief a
nobler shrine,
Than that I gave my letter, from that rocky
rest of mine ?

PANSY.

WHAT blossom have you brought to-day,
 Beside my pillow, dear, to lay ?
 Come, let me see my prize.
 A velvet pansy, large and fair,
 With petals yellow as your hair,
 And purple as your eyes.

I think I know the very spot,
Where, bordered with forget-me-not,
 This lovely blossom grew ;
We knew that pansy bed of old,
A sweet, swift story there was told,
 Between black eyes and blue.

It seems but yesterday we stood,
Each unto each God's greatest good,
 Beneath the morning sky !
We stood as lovers stand, to part,
(But hand from hand, not heart from heart)
 With lingering good-bye.

Upon your snow-white dress you wore
One blossom, plucked an hour before,
 While still the dew was wet :
A purple pansy, fair as this,
I took it, with your first shy kiss ;
 I have that blossom yet.

We thought our fate was hard that day,
But, darling, we have learned to say,
 “ Whatever is, is best.”
That far-off parting which is o'er,
Foretold one longer, on before,
 Awaiting which we rest.

We wait as friends and lovers do,
 Each reading true heart through and through,
 Until that parting come.
 Then if you speak I shall not hear,
 I shall not feel your presence near,
 Nor answer. Death is dumb.

You may bring pansies, too, that day,
 To spread above the senseless clay,
 But none so sweet as this ;
 And never one like that dear flower,
 You gave me in love's dawning hour,
 With your shy clinging kiss.

I may not give you courage strong,
 And help and counsel all life long,
 As once I hoped to do.
 But, love, be fearless, faithful, brave ;
 The pansies on my quiet grave
 May bring heart's-ease for you.

LOVE AND DEATH.

LIFE may hold sweetness yet ; I would not
 die ;
 For he might come with smiles upon his lip ;
 Then from my heart the weary years would
 slip,
 And I should greet him with a joyous cry,

Forgiving and forgetting all the past,
Just for the sake of Love come back at last.
Oh, life may yet be sweet ; I would not die.

Child, Fate has not been kind to you and me ;
Your baby kisses could not ease my pain ;
While in that other face I looked in vain
For signs of what I knew could never be.
Often I drew away your clinging grasp,
To seek again that cold and careless clasp.
No ; life has not been kind to you and me.

And Death is coming. Ah, will Death be kind ?
Will he, some day, bring me my truant love ?
Or shall I float in ether pure above,
Passionless, sexless, and not hope to find
Him who made life a blessing and a curse ?
Will Death bring better, happier times, or
worse ?
Ah, Death is coming fast ; will he be kind ?

Love, have you never known one bitter hour ?
Never looked back with tender, sweet regret
To that past happy summer when we met,
When first I knew my beauty—fatal dower !—
Had chained your roaming fancy ? What a
chain,
Woven in madness from despair and pain,
And idly worn to kill an idle hour !

Child, listen to me : Love is worse than Death ;
For Death takes all, but Love takes fruit and
bloom,
And leaves the worthless husk to rot in gloom.
It takes the crown from life ; the weary breath
Must labor on until Death brings relief—
And blots out all the weariness and grief.
Ah ! Love is cruel ; merciful is Death.

REQUIEM.

FOR me no dirges musical,
No brass on the cathedral wall,
All things are your memorial.

The wind upthrobbing from the shore,
Is like your footstep on the floor,
Is like your hand upon the door.

A silent presence ever near ;
Round books your fingers touched last year,
A subtle, ghostly atmosphere.

And now in Memory's Hades gray,
Where Life and Death join hands alway,
I watch with you, by night and day.

Even as I stand, I pledge my faith,
I trust you while I draw my breath,
I trust you in the gates of death.

Beyond? Where shall our meeting be?
Two breakers on a soundless sea,
God's pity, love, on you and me!

END OF VOL. I.



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